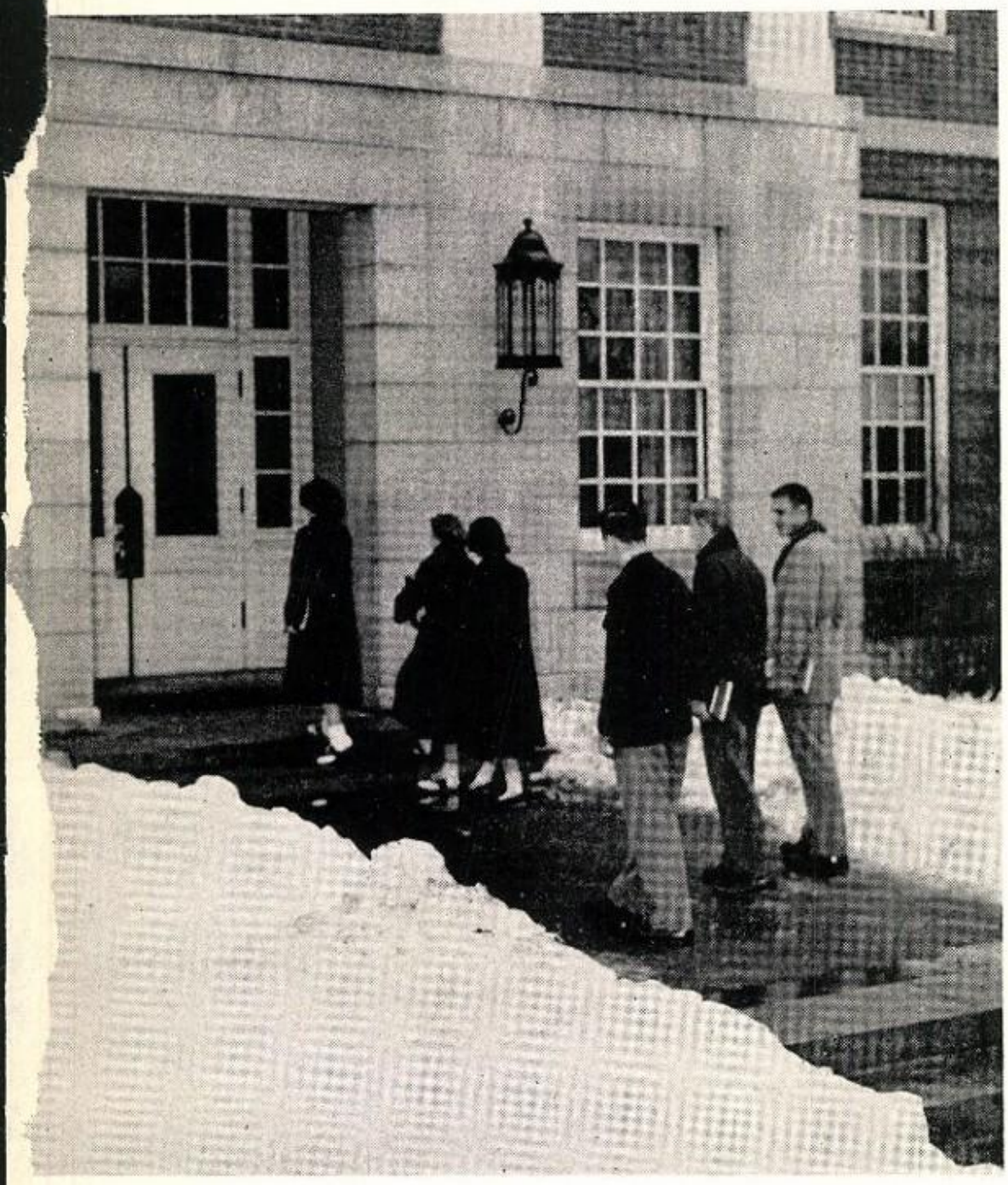
1952

Keystone



HERE ENDETH; HERE BEGINNETH

Here endeth the happiest, most care-free days of our lives. The days when we learned, through the supreme guidance of our instructors, the basic fundamentals of living. Now we are going into a chaotic world, a world ravaged with greed, jealousy and selfishness. We, the youth of today, must use our greatest efforts to improve world conditions.

'52

THE KEYSTONE

Published by the Senior Class of

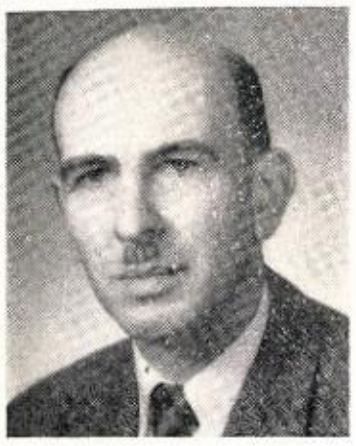
CROSBY HIGH SCHOOL

Belfast, Maine

DEDICATION

We, the Senior Class of Crosby High School, dedicate this publication of the Keystone to Arlene Dunaver, whose cheerful friendliness and general personality have endeared her to her many friends at Crosby, all of whom wish her a speedy recovery.

The Faculty



Top row, left to right: Hester Crone, English; Annie Brown, English; Perry Wortman, Principal; Harold Doe, English; Albert Weymouth, Social Studies; Burton Hinckley, Social Studies; Norman Mansur, Languages; Marietta Packard, Senior Advisor; Stanley Peterson, Commercial; Neil Soule, Science; Robert Hall, Science and Mathematics; Guenivere Cole, Home Economics; Kenneth Dumais, Manual Training; Christine Roberts, Mathematics; Frederick Soucy, Physical Education; Donald Lewis, Music; Nellie Marden, Junior High Mathematics; Amy DeForest, Junior High English; Gwendolyn Stratton, Junior High Social Studies.

EDITORIALS

THE CHALLENGE OF TODAY

America is in a fight today — a fight for its life. The fight is between capitalism and communism. With the Korean batde being waged, the rearmament of Europe slowly progressing with American aid, inflation, the "cold war" going on between Russia and the Western World, America is faced with the challenge of the survival of our democratic way of life and our capitalistic system.

But who is America? America is you, I, our fathers, mothers, and relatives. Any challenge to our problems must first arise from the individual, no matter how small or insignificant the individual seems in today's situations.

Where is this country going? With all the corruption, scandals, rackets in government and in business, is it on the downhill trend? Is its history destined to parallel that of Rome — to reach a great height, then fall? Let's not allow this to happen. Let's rally and come forward with new ideals, renewed strength and a great resolve to face and solve our acute problems. With the advent of the Atomic Age, the world has a full, rich future ahead of it, if it can jump the hurdles of today.

As individuals, our life ahead is a great challenge — a soul-inspiring challenge. Can we live the right kind of life in the sight of God? This nation unfortunately has become spiritually sluggish. We have lost that spirit and faith which our forefathers possessed. It seems that the nation has become a land of money-grabbers.

Continued to Page 83

A SENIOR'S PRAYER

Heavenly Father, guide us as we go out to face the world. Help each of us to find our calling and to do our best in community and world affairs. Help us to use wisely the learning which we have acquired through our school years, that we may become good citizens.

As we walk through life, let us observe our environment, physical and social, and show us the way to improve it.

Help us to distinguish good advice from the bad when it is given us, and to give wise counsel when it is asked of us.

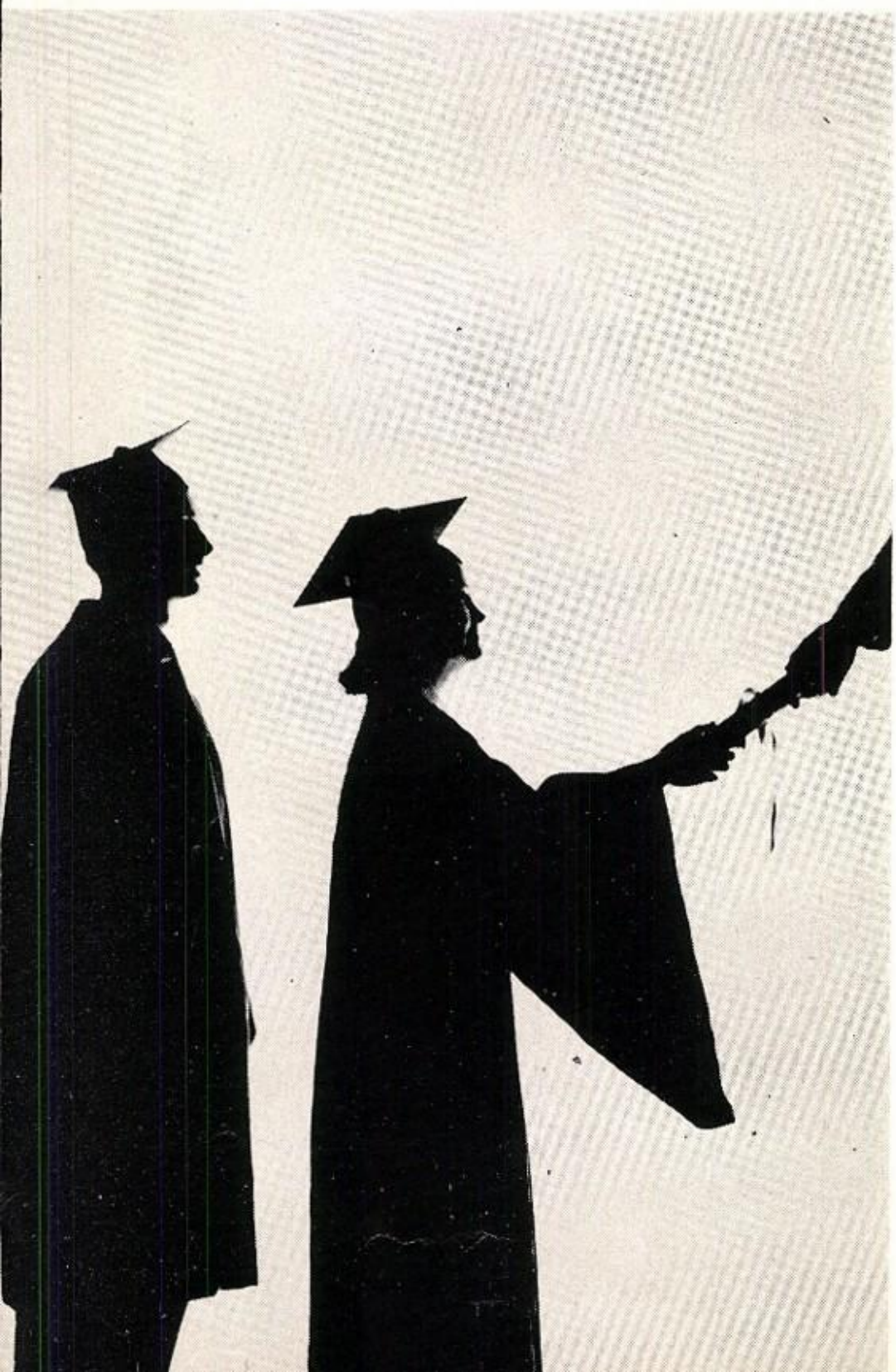
Give us understanding and toleration for all races and creeds, for the world is fast changing from segregated groups to a union of countries. We need to understand the people and customs of each country if this union is to succeed. Let us have faith in our convictions and stand up for truth and justice. Give us the grace to acknowledge our mistakes and faults and help us to rectify them.

Help us to raise the next generation as a credit to our forefathers, who fought in every way to give us the freedom which we now enjoy. To retain these freedoms, we must have hope for the future, love for our fellow man and faith in God. Help us to keep these qualities alive always. We ask this in Jesus' name.

Amen.

By Rhoda Wood

SENIORS



Ann Elizabeth Allenwood

Annie — College

Oh, Gee

Latin Club 1, 2; French Club 1, 2; Intra-murals 4; Keystone Board 4; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Senior Ball 3; Fashion Show 3; Auction 4; Food Sale 2, 3; Usher Graduation 3; Class Treasurer 2; National Honor Society 4; Crosby Review 3, 4; Valedictorian 4.

Ann has a smile for everyone
Wherever she goes or whatever she does
A good classmate we all agree
A real success, we hope she'll be.

Willard Stanley Brown

Willie — General

Mabel, ain't I dry

Baseball 1, 4; Football 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Keystone Board 4; Cinema Club 1; Intra-mural Basketball 1, 3, 4.

Willie loves to tease the girls
And pull their shining little curls
In many ways does he shine
And out of school, he'll do just fine.

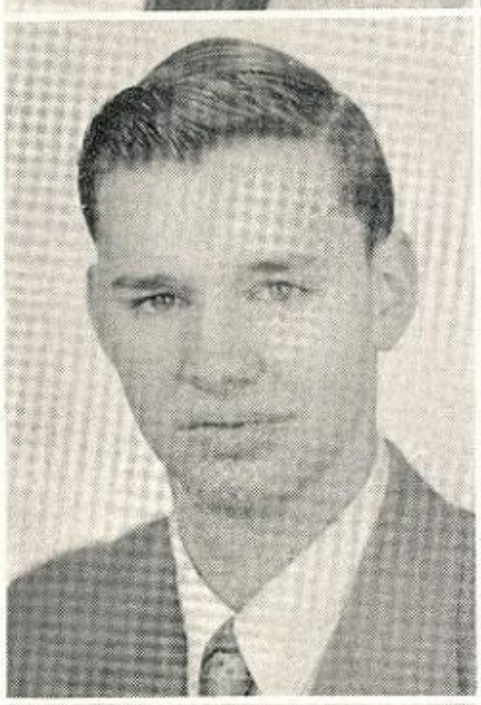
Joseph Edward Baird

Joe — College

Imagine that

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Intramural Coach 4; Keystone Board 4; Glee Club 4; French Club 2, 3; Latin Club 2, 3; Crosby Highlights 1; Radio Club 1; Career Day 3; Sophomore Hop 2; Salutatorian 4.

Joe is a boy who will surely succeed,
He'll gain all that he ever will need.



John D. Carr

The Mate — General

The ship hasn't sunk yet

Football 2, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Intra-murals 2, 3.

Here's to John, known as the mate
Who'll never have trouble finding a date.

Marilyn Jeannette Bradeen

Mal — Commercial

Oh, Quiet!

Keystone Board 4.

Marilyn is a quiet girl
A secretary she will be;
But Marilyn—now remember—
Don't sit on the boss's knee.

Gladys A. Clark

Glad — College

Glee Club 1, 4; Dramatic Club 1; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Senior Ball 3; Graduation Usher 3; Freshman Reception 4; Keystone Board 4; Basketball Manager 4; Fashion Show 3; Freshman Dance 1; Freshman Paper 1; Pier Party 3; Minstrel Usher; Musical Festival 1; Food Sale 4.

Here's a lass who's very jolly
Always thinking of some folly
May her future be as sunny
As her success in being funny.

John J. Brown

Johnny — General

What did I do now?

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Varsity Club 3, 4.

John is our basketball star
In sports he's really tops
But sometimes before he gets to Joan's
His heart, it nearly pops.

Elwin Ernest Clements

Red — College

I wouldn't say that

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Band and Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention Little Ten Conference 4; Varsity Club 2 3; Camera Club 1, President 1; Captain Magazine Drive 4; Waltz Time 1; Intramural Sports 1; Shop Club 1, 2; Student Government 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Minstrel Show 3, 4; NROTC Candidate 4; Scholastic Key Award 4; Keystone Board 4; Class Ode 4.

Red is sometimes quiet
And sometimes he's in a fetter
But all he needs to cheer him up
Is one little Rockland letter.

George Cushman
George General
Drive it or park it
Never learn today
What you can't forget tomorrow.

Glenice Marie Dutton
Glen General
Oh, no!
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Keystone Board 4; Crosby Revue 3; Camera Club 2; Music Festival 1, 3, 4.
Always laughing full of fun
She gets along with everyone.

Sylvia Gertrude Dean
Sue General
Oh! Really
F.H.A. 2; Bowling 2; Glee Club 3; Transferred from Camden. Glee Club 4.
Sylvia is a talkative lass
She's always full of joy
And when it comes to Lloyd
He is the only boy.

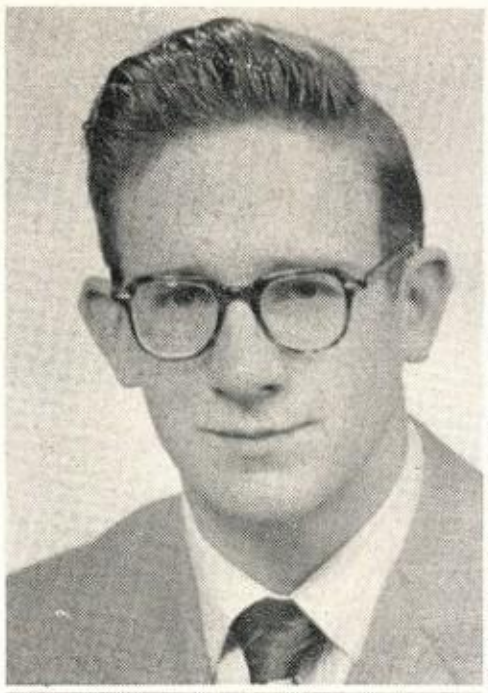
Julia E. Ellis
Judy Commercial
Be glad to
Glee Club 4.
My words and thoughts are my very own

Mary Evangeline Dilling
Mary Commercial
Oh, Shucks!
Softball 1, 3; Co-Manager 3; Camera Club 2; Teacher's secretary 4; Office Receptionist 2, 4.
Mary seems a quiet girl
She usually sits and listens
But to all who really know her
She's witty, bright and winsome

George Ferguson
Fergy General
Don't know
Football 2, 3, 4.
Absence makes the marks grow rounder

Bryant Rivers Dutch
Dutchy General
What did you say?
Band and Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council, President 4; Footlights Club, President 4; Music Festival 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman of Junior Prom 3; Football 1, 2; Representative State Student Legislature 4; Sophomore Hop 2.
Bryant is a lad in our class
Who can be very smart
And when it comes to women
He really steals their hearts.

Romona Alma Finley
Mona General
Gee Whiz!
Glee Club 2, 4; Keystone Board 4; Camera Club 2.
A cheerful heart, a smiling face,
Puts sunshine in the darkest place.



Bernard Eric Gaul

Bunny College

Oh, Great!

Football 4; Footlights Club. Treasurer 4; Glee Club 4; Freshman Reception 4; Keystone Board 4; Transferred from New York; Art Club, President 1.

The road to success. Wow, what a hill.

Donald W. Hahn

Pete General

What I know about you that you could write on a postage stamp.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramurals 1; Annual School Concert 1, 2, 3, 4; Music Festival 1, 2, 3, 4; Stage Manager 2, 3, 4; Waltz Time 3; Student Council 4; Class Will 4.

Donnie's not so awful tall but
He's good natured and nice to all.

Merlin R. Glidden

Bud General

Watch 'at stuff

Keystone Paper Drive 4; Basketball 2; Cinema Club 1, 2, 3; Camera Club 1, 2, 3; Freshman Reception 4; Safety Patrol 1, 2, 3, 4.

Buddy is a woman's man
They say he's quite a guy
And when it comes to teasing girls
He isn't very shy.

Allan W. Hamm

Hammie Commercial

What's At

Football 1, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 2, 3; Keystone Paper Drive 4; President of Cinema Club 1, 2, 3; Camera Club 1, 2; Freshman Reception 4; Junior Prom 3; Sophomore Hop 2; Class Vice President 2; Safety Patrol 1, 2, 3 4; Crosby Revue 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3 4; Music Festival 1, 2, 3, 4; Waltz Time 2.

Allan likes to flirt
With all girls, young and old;
But with the sophomore girls
He's sort of bold, we're told.

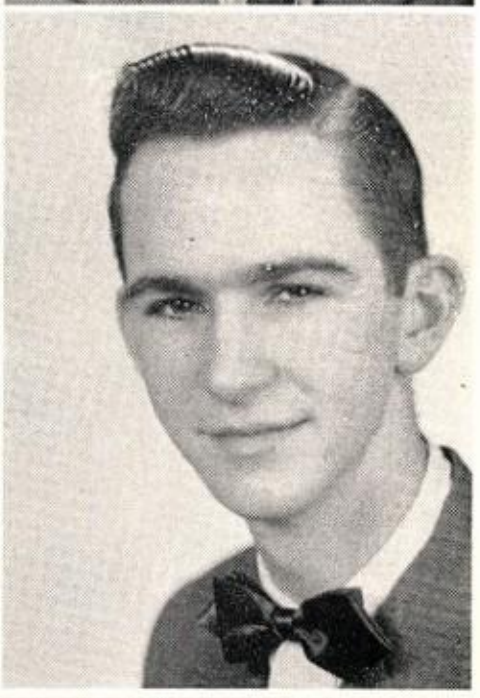
Blaine D. Grindle

Hotrod College

Mercy, Mercy!

Class President 2; Vice-President 3; Student Council 2, 3; Radio Club 1; Freshman Reception 4; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Intra-murals 1, 2, 3; State Student Council Representative 2, 3; Activity Ticket Sales 1.

Blaine has been class president
He ranks right on the top
We know that wherever he goes
He'll never be a flop.



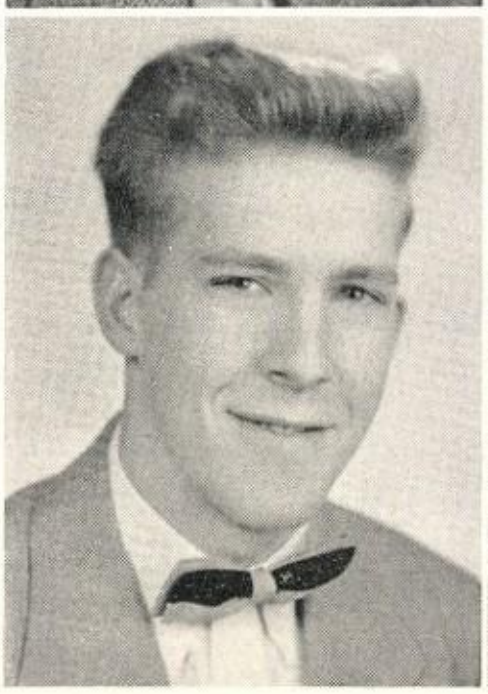
Edmund Elwood Hardy

Ed Commercial

Say now, that's all right

Glee Club 1, 2, 3 4; Band and Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Radio Club 1; Music Festival 1, 2, 3, 4; Composite Band 2, 3; Class Treasurer 3, 4; Treasurer of Student Council 4; Assistant Football Manager 2; Minstrel 3, 4; Sophomore Hop 2; Six Shot and Foul Shooting Champion; Class Gifts 4; Intra-mural Basketball All Star 3; National Honor Society 4.

"Ed" is on the basketball team
He shoots the ball high and low
And when it comes to scoring
He's everything but slow.



William Ralph Gum

Bill College

I'm mad!

Keystone Board 4; Junior Prom 3; Sophomore Hop 2; Freshman Reception, Master of Ceremonies 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Vice-President 2; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Camera Club 1; Glee Club 4; Career Day 3; Student Council 1; Magazine Drive 2, 3; Student Council 1; Magazine Drive 2, 3; Student Government 2.

Bill goes with a senior girl
Whose name we need not tell
And when it comes to her, well
He thinks she's really swell

Marian Harriman

Marian Commercial

Must you?

Glee Club 1, 4; Keystone Board 4; Music Festival 1, 4; Sophomore Hop 2.

Marian is always full of fun
A popular gal is she.
And some day in the future
Mrs. Grant she hopes to be

Elaine Sharon Higer

Elaine — College

Oh, Shoot!

Dramatic Club 1; Latin Club 1; Fashion Show 3; Class Secretary 2; Keystone Board 4; Pier Party 2; Junior Prom 3; Softball 1, 2, 3.

Elaine isn't very tall
In fact she's rather short
And through the four years we have found
That she's a real good sport.

Richard Allen Lane

Dick — General

No Kidding, Doc?

Intra-mural Basketball 2; Halloween Party 4.

Dick's always talking it seems it is true
He not a quiet lad
But if you knew him like we do
You'll find he's not so bad.

Barbara Carlon Jackson

Barb — College

Sure, why not?

Dramatics Club 1; Latin Club 1; Fashion Show 3; Junior Prom 3; Senior Ball 3; Usher at Graduation 3; Freshmen Reception 4; Keystone Board 4; Pier Party 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Softball 1, 2, 3; Christmas Cards Sale 4.

When Barbara gets to be a nurse,
And the patients see her smile.
They'll start for home and wonder,
Why they couldn't stay awhile

Kenneth Almon Leeman

Ken — Commercial

I don't care

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Band and Orchestra Junior High, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Projectionist Club 1, 2; Composite Band 3.

Ken rushes around to get thinas done
But he always finds time to have some fun.

Elizabeth Ann Jenness

Booboo — College

I'll never tell

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Keystone Board 4; Softball 1, 2, 3; Cheerleading (Sub.) 4; Music Festival 2, 3, 4: Freshman Dance 1; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Graduation Usher 3; Assembly Committee 4.

In cheerleading and sports, Libbie does her best
And stands out well among the rest
We know she'll try with all her might
To become a well-trained "Woman in

Joan Elizabeth Mansur

Joanie — College

Buy me a gift, I don't care

Sophomore Hop 2; Camera Club 2; Junior Prom 3; Fashion Show 3; Senior Ball 3; Freshman Reception 4; Keystone Board 4.

Joan is always writing letters
To her guy, who's far away.
We have often wondered,
What she can find to say.

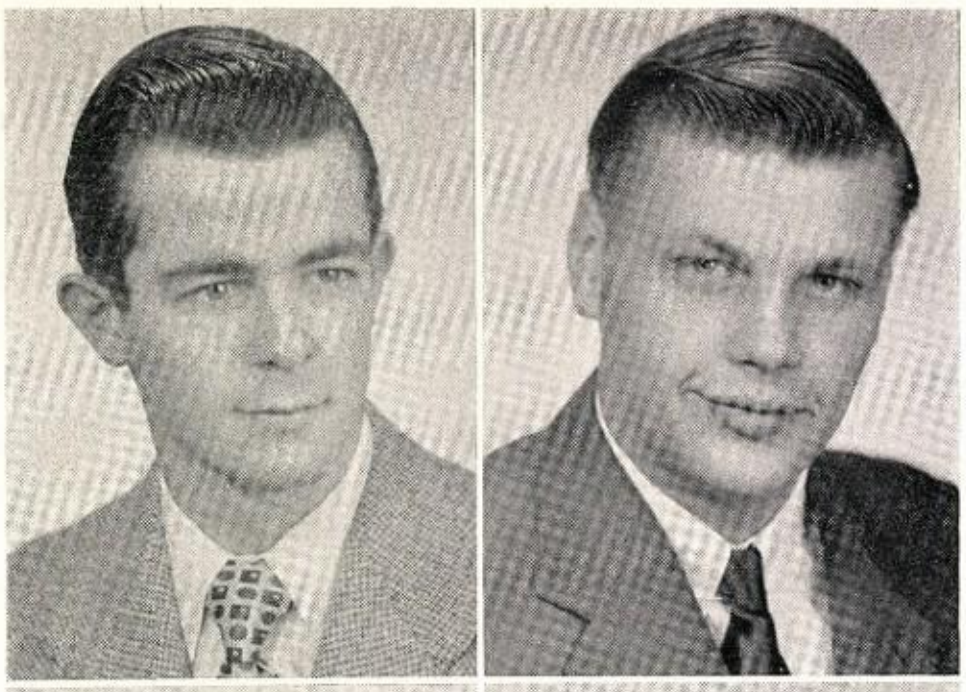
Natalie Marriner

Nat — Commercial

Nothing doing

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Cheerleading 4; Class President 3; Class Secretary 4; Student Council Treasurer 3; Student Council Secretary 4; (Dirigo) Girls' State 3; D.A.R. Good Citizenship Candidate 4; State Student Council Convention 3, 4; Captain Curtis Magazine Sales 4; Freshman Reception 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Keystone Board 4; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Music Festival 1, 2, 4; Honor Essay 4; National Honor Society 4.

Nat is smart
Nat is quick
When playing ball
She's really slick.

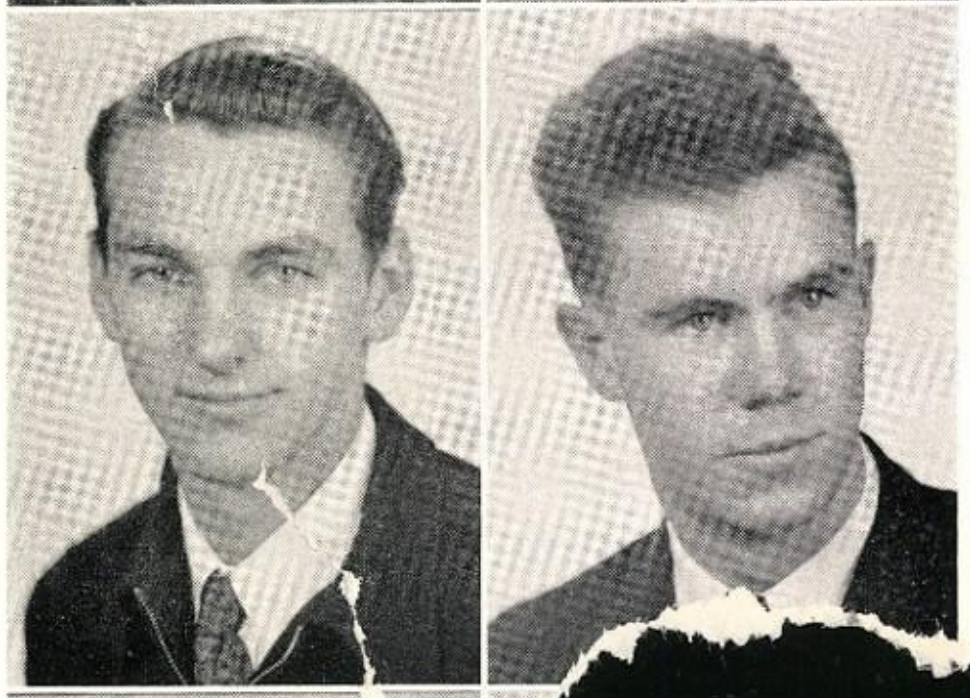


Gordon E. McCue
McGoo College
My God!
Vice-President Senior Class; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Baseball 1, 2; Camera Club 1, 2; Dramatics 4; Intra-murals 1, 2, 3; Freshman Reception 4; Sophomore Hop 2; Career Day 3; Student Council 1; Keystone Board 4; Minstrel Show 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Class Prophecy 4.
Gordon has a smile
For everyone he meets
And as for playing football
He can really fill his cleats.

M. Ronald Nickerson
Nick College
What do you know about that
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Intra-murals 2, 3; Keystone Board 4; Keystone Paper Drive 4.
Ronnie is an athlete
At basketball he does excel
And as for the girl he goes with
She thinks he's really swell.

Isabelle Marie Morse
Itchy Commercial
Holy, Cowgirl
Camera Club 2; Keystone Board 4.
Always laughing, full of fun,
She'll get along with everyone.

Hazel Mary O'Leary
Hazel Commercial
That's all right, I guess
Keystone Auction 4; Keystone Board 4; Faculty Secretary 4.
Clickety, Clackety, go the keys
That's Hazel typing, if you please
Sitting demurely behind a desk
She'll be a good secretary, that's our guess.

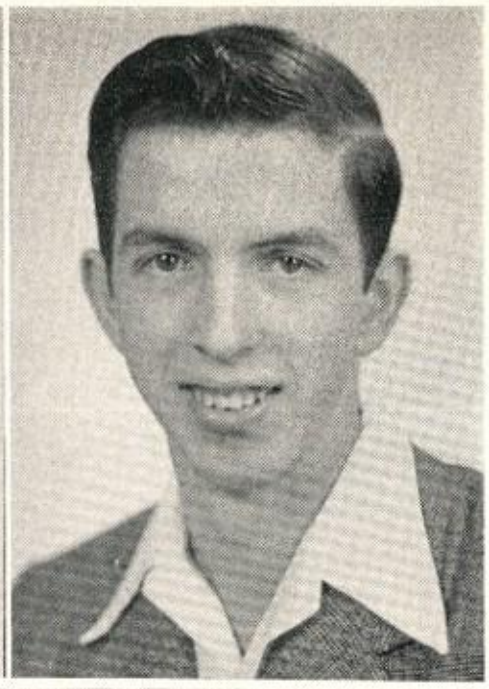


Leslie Willard Morse
Mouse General
Awful nice
I had a thought, but it died of loneliness.

Richard Elmer Parker
Dick General
What time is it?
Football 3, 4; Camera Club 1, 2; Basketball Manager 4; Band 4; Keystone Board 4.
Richard seems so quiet
He appears to be shy
But if you know him like we do
You'll find him quite a guy.

Alfreda G. Nickerson
Nicky College
I don't like your attitude
Softball 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Graduation Usher 3; Music Festival 1, 2; Sophomore Hop 2.
Beware of the quiet ones; they'll surprise you.

Ramona M. Patten
Mona General
Yipes
Glee Club 3, 4; Softball 1, 2: Candy Sale 4; Keystone Board 4; Crosby Highlights 2.
Mona is good natured
Because she has to be,
She is in and out of trouble
Just like a busy bee.



Gardner F. Rhodes
Gardner General
Yessuh!
Gardner goes with a twin,
But which one he won't say.
He is always laughing,
No matter what the day.

Florence Margaret Perkins
Chickie Commercial
Oh! Great
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Keystone Board 4; Dramatics Club 1.
Florence is always working
She doesn't take time to play
So when the teachers speak to her
She has something to say.

Marilyn Roberta Richards
Maggie College
I'm so mad I could spit!
Girls' State 3; Softball 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Graduation Usher 3; Candy Sales 4; Dramatic Club 1; Music Festival 1, 2; Sophomore Hop 2; Keystone Board 4.
We hear that Maggie lies awake
Until three in the morning
Stay away from my stockboy
Comes her hostile warning.

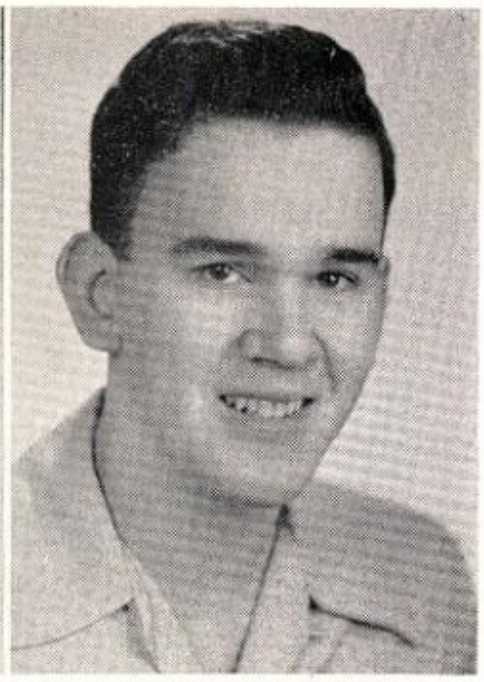
Jean Perkins
Pithy Commercial
What a heck of a good time
Cheerleading 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Music Festival 1, 2, 3; Keystone Board 4.
Jean could be quite smart if she'll stop skipping school,
She should take advantage of the old-time Golden Rule.

Richard Kermit Robertson
Heals Beals General
I guess so
Shop 1, 2, 3, 4.
You will always see Dickie
'Round morning, night, or noon
But wherever he may be,
He's always chasing Junne.

George Nelson Prior
Spud College
So what
Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Dirigo Boys' State 3; Older Boys Conference 4; President of Class 4; Class Marshal 3; Glee Club 4; Minstrel Show 3; Varsity Club 3, 4; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Intramural Basketball All Star; Class President 4; Address to Undergraduates 4; National Honor Society 4.
Spud is good in athletics,
He also likes to flirt,
He doesn't care who it is,
As long as she wears a skirt.

Errol F. Rogers
Clem General
Magazine Campaign 3; Glee Club 3; Intra-murals 1.
Errol is full of the devil in all of his classes.
He's also a wolf, so you'd better be careful, lasses.

Philomine F. Smith
Phil Commercial
I want a ride
Glee Club 1; Keystone Board 4; Basketball 3, Captain 4.
In her classes Phil does not
Give very good attention
So we find her every night
Staying for detention.



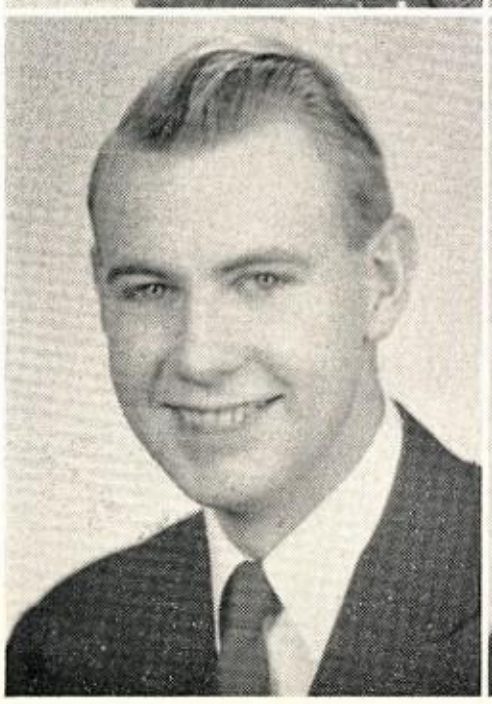
Robert Donald Stover
Bobby General
Bobby is handy with most any kind of tool,
Maybe that's why he's so handy around school.

Duane Snow
Curly General
That's the bestest kind
Student Council 1, 2; Class Vice President 1; Camera Club 1, President 2; Baseball 2; Keystone Board 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Intra-mural Basketball 1, 2; Senior Ball 3; Music Festival 1, 2, 3, 4.
Duane has a '41 Buick
In which he likes to ride
But he is always happier
When a girl is by his side.

Kenneth Arthur Tabbutt
Nig General
Ahhhhhhhh!
Shop Club 2, 3.
All great men get lazy. Gee, I'm tired.

Bruce Dexter Sprague
Kid General
Student Council 3; Glee Club 4.
Lots of us aim to do right, but the devil jogs our elbows.

Richard J. Teeves
Doc General
Football Manager 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 2; Camera Club 1; Safety Patrol 3, 4.
Doc is always laughing and joking in school
And cannot be beat in dancing or in pool.



Ralph Stanley Stephenson
Ralph College
Geez!
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 2; Orchestra 1, 2; Radio Club 1; Class Pianist 2, 3; Class Secretary 3; Crosby Revue 3, 4; Student Council 4; Footlights Club 4; Three Act Play 4; Assistant Editor Keystone 4; Music Festival 2, 3, 4; Chairman of Hallowe'en Party 4.
You'll find Ralph very quiet, when the sun is shining bright
But you'll find him very different on a moonlight night.

Vernon L. Thompson, Jr.
Tom General
Dimpled cheeks, hazel eyes, a wolf wave in his hair
In his blue and yellow Chevy, he rides with never a care.

Faith Emerald Tower

Tee College

I will if I want to

Dramatic Club 1; Usher at Graduation 3; Senior Ball 3; Junior Prom 3; Sophomore Hop 2; Fashion Show 3; Usher at Minstrel 3; Keystone Board 4; Pier Party 2; Sadie Hawkins Dance 3; Freshman Reception 4; Scripture 4.

Faith is a lot of fun and always full of glee
But she'd be absolutely lost without her faithful Billy.

Eleanor Alice Wight

Eleanor College

Golly! Gee Whiz!

Assistant Editor Keystone 4; Co-manager, Candy Sale 4; Dramatics 1, 2; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Softball 1, 2; Senior Ball 3; Glee Club 4; Intra-murals 2, 4.

Eleanor knows her Latin and also lots of French
She not only has intelligence but a lot of common sense.

Beverly Susan Ward

Bev Commercial

Just what I like

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Music Festival 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom 3; Graduation Usher 3; Keystone Board 4.

After Bev graduates, a blushing bride she may be
Or else she'll become a secretary in Washington, D. C.

Elizabeth Anna Wing

Libby College

Stop it! You know I love it.

Dramatics 1, 2; Softball 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Basketball Manager (Assistant) 4; Keystone Board 4; Graduation Usher 3; Curtis Magazine Sale 4; Activity Tickets 1; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Senior Ball 3; Paper Drive 4; Intra-murals 2, 3, 4; Sadie Hawkins Dance 4; Candy Sales 4; Crosby Revue 4.

Libby has a tendency of getting up late in the morning
That's why she comes into the room blurry-eyed and yawning.

Helen Jean Weymouth

Jean College

Oh my goodness!

Choir 1, 2; Riding Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Swimming Club 1, 2; Transferred from Oak Grove. Junior Prom 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Music Festival 3, 4; Musical Revue 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Keystone Board 4; Food Sale 3, 4.

Jean is crazy over horses and also a guy named Gene
She's going very far for a girl who's only eighteen.

Faye Frances Wood

Vickie General

Oh, yes!

Glee Club 1; Library 2.

Faye is very healthy with her rosy cheek,
But when it comes to boys, she is very mild and meek.

Ellerton Pratt Whitney, Jr.

Felix College

Hey, Spud

Football 1; Class President 1; Transferred to Melbourne Fla. Baseball 1, 2; Football 2; Student Council 2; Convention 2; "M" Club 2; Class Secretary 2; Transferred to Crosby. Football 3, 4; Co-Captain 4; Basketball Manager 4; Baseball 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Business Manager — Curtis Magazine Sales 4; Dirigo Boy's State 3; Business Manager, Keystone 4; Interlocutor — Minstrel 4; Vice-President 3; Glee Club 3; First Team Little Ten Conference 4; Manager — School Pictures 4; Class History 4; National Honor Society 4.

Rhoda Ann Wood

Rhoda College

Oh, dear!

Dramatics 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Softball 1, 2, 3; Co-Manager, Candy Sale 4; Graduation Usher 3; Music Festival 4; Keystone Editor 4; Sophomore Hop 2; Junior Prom 3; Senior Ball 3; Intramural basketball 2, 3; Activity Ticket 4; Food Sale 3, 4; Crosby Revue 3, 4.

Rhoda is a quiet, blushing, shy type of lass,
But when it comes to working, she's at the head of the class.

Robert Elwood Vaughn

Bob General

Bob appears to be quiet or so
I would say
But when you get to know
him it's quite the opposite
way.

Arlene Dunave

Chick General

Dramatics Club 1, 2; Intramural Basketball 2; Glee Club 2.

You're back and ready to
have your fling —
We wish you the best of
everything.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Front Row: Natalie Marriner, secretary; Edmund Hardy, treasurer; George Prior, president; Gordon McCue, vive-president.

Back Row: Mrs. Packard, Mr. Soucy, Mrs. Brown, advisors.

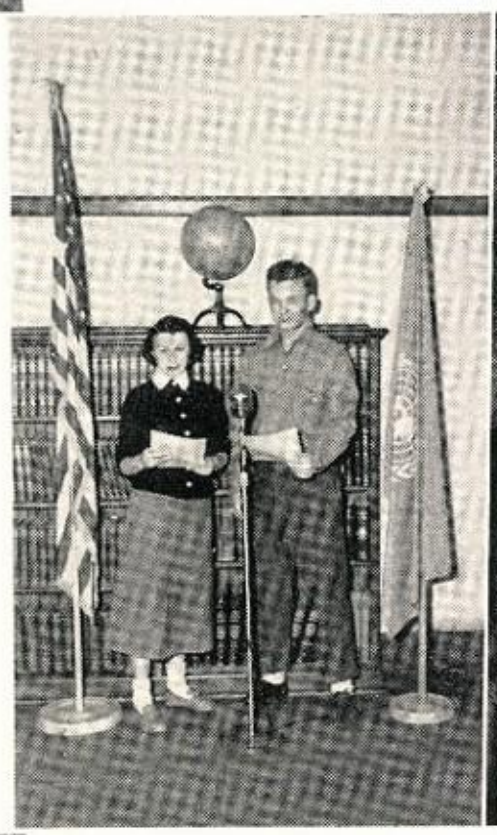
NAME	FAVORITE PASTIME	PET PEEVE	AMBITION
Ann Allenwood	Loafing	Cold Room	Social Worker
Joseph Baird	Relaxation	Homework	Success
lyn Bradeen	Writing Letters to Korea	Oral Reports	Working in an Office
Brown	Joan	Plymouth	Go to School
Willard Brown	Throwing Erasers	Being Quiet	To Be a P. F. C. in the National Guard
John Carr	Hunting	Work	Go to Sea
Gladys Clark	Saving Sucker Sticks	Bleached Blondes	Go to Arizona
Elwin Clements	Writing Letters	English	Go to College
George Cushman	Sleeping	Girls	Own a new Ford
Sylvia Dean	Reading	Willard	Public Utility Agent
Mary Dilling	Listening to the Radio	Book Reports	Go to Gordon College
Bryant Dutch	Pumping Gas	Women with Long Memories	To Be a Success
Glenice Dutton	Talking	Navy	To Sing
Julia Ellis	Work	Connecticut	To Be a Secretary
George Ferguson	Hunting	Anything	You Guess
Ramona Finley	Movies	English	Nurse
Bernard Gaul	Sally	Trouble Makers	To Be Graduated
Merlin Glidden	Roller Skating	Dancing	Stay Single (Long as possible)
Blaine Grindle	Staying after School	Teachers	To Pass English
William Gum	Faith	School	Five Star General
Donald Hahn	Jerry	Women	Mechanic
Allan Hamm	Playing Pool	Senior Girls	Ain't Got None
Edmund Hardy	Dancing and Misc.	Too many cute girls going steady	Multi-Millionaire
Marian Harriman	18 Spring Street	Past Memories	Undecided
Elaine Higer	Riding Around	Nosey People	Go to College
Barbara Jackson	Getting into Trouble	School	Nurse
Elizabeth Jenness	Ain't nobody business but my own	Somebody's been beating my time	Nurse
Wayne Johnson	Library	Library Students	Scientist
Richard Lane	Joking with Someone	Homework	Service
Kenneth Leeman	Flirting	Homework	Husson College
Joan Mansur	Being Lazy	School	Ain't Got None
Natalie Marriner	Doin' Nothing	Men Drivers	Undecided
Gordon McCue	Boy's Home	Going Home Early	F. B. I.
Isabel Morse	Third Floor	School	Have 16 Kids
Leslie Morse	Northport	Breaking Springs	Get Married
Alfreda Nickerson	Movies	School	Nurse
Ronald Nickerson	Parking	Studying	Diesel Engineer
Hazel O'Leary	Movies	Getting up in the mornings	Secretary
Richard Parker	Caling 706-W	Work	Navy
Bruce Parkinson	Dancing	Richard L.	Jet Pilot
Ramona Patten	Talking	Bruce P.	Millionaire
Florence Perkins	Sleeping	Boys	To be a Secretary
Jean Perkins	Haven't Any	The Past	To Invent an All-day Weed
George Prior	Playing the Field	Collecting Phone Numbers	To Go Steady
Gardiner Rhodes	Sleeping	Homework	Chasing Parkers
Marilyn Richards	Movies	Chemistry	To be a Stockboy
Richard Robertson	Franklin Street	Notices	To be a Printer
Errol Rogers	Parking	Notices	Undecided
Philomine Smith	Sleeping	Bubba	Invent a Movable Steering Wheel
Duane Snow	Parking	High Prices	To Find the Right Woman
Bruce Sprague	Barbara	Girls	Grease-Monkey
Ralph Stephenson	Music	There's only 24 hours a day	Music
Robert Stover	37 Chev.	School	Wait and See
Kenneth Tabbutt	Hanging around the Station	Notices	Hot Rod Driver
Richard Teeves	Loafing	Allan Hamm	None
Vernon Thompson	Tumbling	Shop	Join the Navy
Faith Tower	Spitting Licorices in the Snow	School	Go to Alaska
Robert Vaughn	Shirley	Teachers	Be successful
Beverly Ward	Riding around in a Blue DeSoto	Sailor's Uniform	To be Mrs. J.
Jean Weymouth	217 High Street	People	Guess What?
Felix Whitney	Dancing	Going to bed Sunday morning and getting up the same day	Coaching and Phy. Ed.
Eleanor Wight	Baseball Games	Woolworth's	Lab. Technician
Elizabeth Wing	Knitting	School beginning at 8:30	To Scuttle the Navy
Faye Wood	Playing Harmonica	Hot Weather	Crime Fighting
Rhoda Wood	Sports	Tall Boys	University of Maine

Most Likely To Succeed

Rhoda Wood
Spud Prior

Best Actors

Bryant Dutch
Gordon McCue



Best School Citizen

Nat Marriner
Felix Whitney

Most Popular

Nat Marriner
Felix Whitney

Jiggs and Maggie

Faye Wood
Dickie Robertson

Most Flirtatious

Libby Jenness
Duane Snow

Most Athletic

Phil Smith
John Brown

Most Friendly

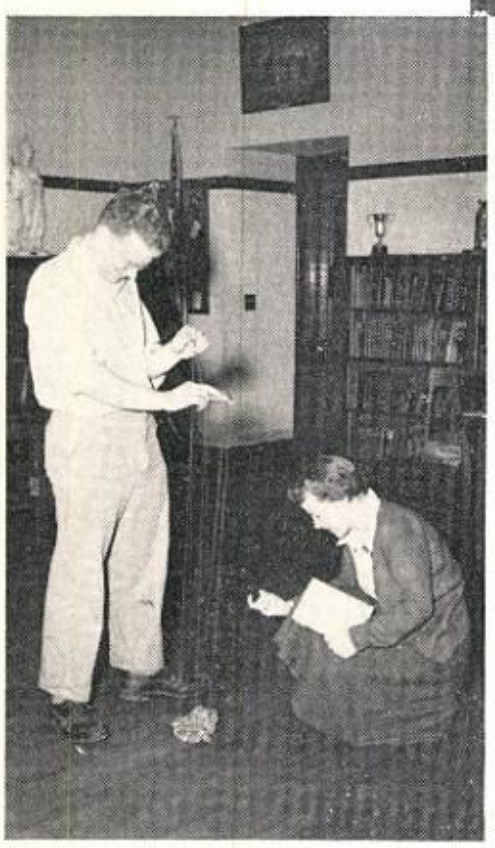
Elaine Higer
Vernon Thompson

Most Intellectual

Joe Baird
Ann Allenwood

Most Bashful

Florence Perkins
Dick Parker



Most Full of Fun

Gladys Clark
Willard Brown

Most Musical

Glenice Dutton
Ralph Stephenson

Front Row: S. Jackson, O. Hatch, E. Cobb, B. Gum, S. Merriam, M. Lawler, J. Lincoln, J. Knight, R. Alley, A. Ward, N. Bryant, P. Towers, M. Gray.

Second Row: R. Smith, K. Grant, J. Sylvia, W. Walker, E. Whitcomb, N. Bradbury, J. Woodbury, S. Whitehead, J. Fitzgerald, M. Suddy, B. Johns, R. Stephenson, J. Seekins, L. Whitcomb, K. Thompson, S. Sherman, M. Tucker, Neil Soule, Class Advisor.

Third Row: C Hammons, L. Treworgy, D. Dorr, J. Dumont, P. Jenness, L. Ryan, S. Thorpe, J. Woods, T. Nickerson, E. Corey, N. Nickerson, R. Clark, D. Cassida, G. Rice, E. Fenwick.

Fourth Row: J. Nickerson, R. Woods, R. Floyd, R. Kelley, J. Gammons, F. Laurinitis, L. Oliver, R. Knight, M. Littlefield, R. Ebert, R. Nickerson, W. Butler, L. Lucas, E. Clark, M. Perkins, M. Kapiloff.

Front Row: M. Grady, J. Cross, V. Munson, J. Bower, J. Potter, M. Anderson, B. Patterson, Burton Hinckley, Class Advisor; B. Worth, J. Nelson, L. Ward, G. McKeen, E. Wood, V. Curtis.

Second Row: J. Ellis, H. Sampson, G. Rich, J. Briggs, S. Dumont, P. Barry, A. Robertson, P. Perry, S. Whitcomb, S. Thompson, S. Wilke, G. Jones, P. Morse, M. Robertson, J. Nixon, A. Nixon, D. Butler.

Third Row: D. Bernosky, C. King, W. Downes, L. Wellman, M. Libby, I. Mollison, F. York, H. Parson, A. Littlefield, M. Jackson, G. Hanson, H. Foster, B. Littlefield, E. Cushman.

Fourth Row: R. Small, R. Towers, J. Gardiner, K. Lothrop, H. Sprague, W. Pinette, H. Wight, S. Marshall, F. Robertson, F. Maddocks, R. Shibles, R. Burns, R. Bucchiere, B. O'Leary, G. Lemont.

Fifth Row: R. Maresh, H. Meservey, K. Ramsey, L. Curtis, E. Moody, M. Thorndike, C. Knowlton, D. Graham, R. Philbrook, R. Macleod, R. Bernosky, R. Curtis, L. Stover, C. Grady, D. Gaul, V. Fowles.

First Row: D. Wilson, R. Thomas, F. Sieman, E. Maddocks, R. Patten, C. Hodges, E. Woods, E. Nickerson, J. Bryant, V. Dilling, W. Nutter, O. Bowen.

Second Row: J. Flowers, J. Hart, C. Boudreau, J. Gould, D. Moores, O. Murphy, M. Roberts, Norman Mansur, Faculty Advisor; P. Johnson, P. Johnson, J. Grindle, A. Paige, C. Higgins, S. Wadlin.

Third Row: H. English, J. Roberts, D. Allen, P. Knowlton, R. Hatch, A. Harriman, A. Leadbetter, S. Bonnin, B. Young, V. LaFond, A. Fitzgerald, F. Page, N. Vaughn, H. Higer, J. Payson, J. Larrabee.

Fourth Row: S. Wing, C. York, C. Paul, S. Hayward, P. Reynolds, J. Brown, B. McAvey, P. Cummings, C. Boynton, S. Braley, R. Clements, D. Warman, L. Scott, M. Brenan, G. Lamont, M. Riley, I. Sawyer.

Fifth Row: J. Westcott, E. Wortman, C. Read, R. Bryant, D. Brace, G. Morin, A. Thomas, H. Gray, D. Small, R. Wight, A. Howard, R. Jackson, B. Brierly, T. Stephenson.

Sixth Row: R. Philbrook, L. Annis, R. Young, T. Vaughn, R. Seekins, D. Knight, R. Stillman, F. Trenholm, D. Johnson, G. Stevens, D. Small, P. Oxton, D. Greenlaw, L. Jackson, G. Carr, G. Bowen.

Front Row: S. Hanson, K. Nickerson, W. Briggs, B. Clark, D. Huntington, K. Drinkwater, D. Johnson, R. Wright, W. Moulton, M. Page, C. Roberts, M. Reynolds.

Second Row: A. Harvey, B. Gould, C. Davis, R. Bacheldor, H. Greenlaw, B. Gross, Mrs. De Forest, Class Advisor; J. Fish, M. Whitcomb, M. Sinclair, J. Thompson, R. Corey, E. Rhoades.

Third Row: D. Howard, G. Cook, N. Cunningham, P. Perkins, F. Ward, J. Thompson, S. Vose, D. Freeman, P. Nixon, M. Libby, J. Grindle, S. Robbins, J. Huntington, J. Grindle, B. West.

Fourth Row: D. Stewart, S. Gilmore, M. Anderson, R. Howard, T. Horn, A. Mendelson, P. Welch, G. Meservey, M. Knowlton, L. Evans, D. Dodge, R. Sherman, L. Stover, D. Chaples.

Fifth Row: M. Hall, D. Philbrook, R. Roberts, P. Dudley, R. Gould, R. Finley, J. MacDonald, R. MacLeod, D. Rogers, B. Copson, H. Torrey, C. Ward, D. Halling, G. Woods.

Sixth Row: A. Gammons, R. Downs, N. Carr, P. Doak, T. Kenney, D. Dunbar, F. Robbins, R. Faulkingham, H. Gurney, D. Shibles, R. Kelley, H. Bowen, E. Cook.

JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

The Junior Class elected Mr. Soule for class advisor and the following for class officers: President, Roger Smith; Vice President, Keith Grant; Secretary, Marion Tucker; Treasurer, Mark Kapiloff. Our student council representatives are Darrold Dorr and Melvin Perkins.

Our money-making projects included a food sale, Crosby High book covers, dances and a thrilling Winter Carnival at Pitcher Pond, which was climaxed by a Coronation Ball at which Roger Smith and Cynthia Paul were crowned king and queen. The social event of the year was our Junior Prom which was held on May 16.

Our class is well represented in athletics and other activities of Crosby. Richard Kelley received honorable mention in the Little Ten Conference Football Team. James Gammons, Mark Kapiloff, Richard Kelley, Leslie LaFond, and Roger Smith received letters for their athletic ability. David Cassida, Charles Hammons, Richard Kelley, Joe Nickerson, and Roger Smith have been in the band and orchestra for three years.

Some of our girls also held the spotlight this year. We have Pat Jenness, Junne Knight, Joyce Lincoln, Sally Whitehead, Rose Stephenson, and Joan Woodbury on the basketball court and Junne Knight leader of the varsity cheerleaders. Lois Whitcomb, Norma Bradbury and Joan Woodbury did a very fine job in the three-act play.

We of the Junior Class are looking forward to one more year to carry on the traditions of Crosby.

FRESHMAN CLASS REPORT

Our class is proud of its athletes. There are ten freshmen girls on the basketball team. Joan Brown, Helen English, Joyce Flowers, Clorice Higgins, Virginia LaFond, Dawna Mooers, Onie Murphy, Janice Payson, Marilyn Roberts and Nancy Vaughn.

Donnie Greenlaw made the Varsity and Lee Jackson, Tom Stephenson, and Eddie Woods made Junior Varsity. We can't forget the Freshman Team. Under their able coach, Mr. Hall, the team had a season of one win, five losses, three lost by only two points.

Helping the cheering section is Onie Murphy for the varsity games and four of the J.V. cheerleaders are freshmen.

Our student council members are Janice Larrabee, Mary Brennan, and Richard Thomas.

In the fall we held a class meeting and elected the following officers: President, Eddie Wortman; Vice-President, Donnie Greenlaw; Secretary, Janice Payson; and Treasurer, Eddie Woods.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class made some very wise decisions this year. First of all there were our class rings. We think they are the best ever. Second, we chose as our class officers: President, Roland Burns; Vice-President, David Gaul; Treasurer, Ann Nixon; Secretary, Sally Thompson.

With Mr. Hinckley as our class advisor, we were well represented in a majority of the activities at Crosby. We were represented in basketball, football, Student Council, Crosby Crier, and the assembly programs.

On the boys' basketball team were: Roland Burns, Roland Bucchiere, Raymond Shibles, Basil O'Leary, Gary Lemont, and Harold Meservey; and on the girls' team were Virginia Curtis and Beverly Worth.

EIGHTH GRADE

At the beginning of the year, the Eighth Grade organized and elected the following officers: President, Peter Doak; Vice-President, Henry Gurney; Secretary, Paul Dudley; Treasurer, Burton Copson; Class Advisor — Mrs. DeForest.

Student Council representatives elected were: Sally Vose, Peter Doak, and Donald Rogers.

Our basketball team, under the capable guidance of Mr. Mansur, played eight games and had an undefeated season.

Activities

Band

The Crosby High School Band consists of about 32 members, which is larger than it has been for some time. Through the supreme efforts of all involved, our band has presented many striking performances at various activities of the school this year. The band is under the able direction of Mr. Donald Lewis.

Names on page 81

Glee Club

Our Glee Club of 140 members was founded in 1935 by Elbridge Pitcher, and has become increasingly popular through the years. Today, Mr. Lewis holds three classes a week in the high school, which combine for the annual concert, held this year on March 21 and the Music Festival which is held in a different town each year. This year it was held in Orono on May 17.

Names on page 81

Orchestra

Here we present with the greatest pride, our orchestra which has increased in size and in interest.

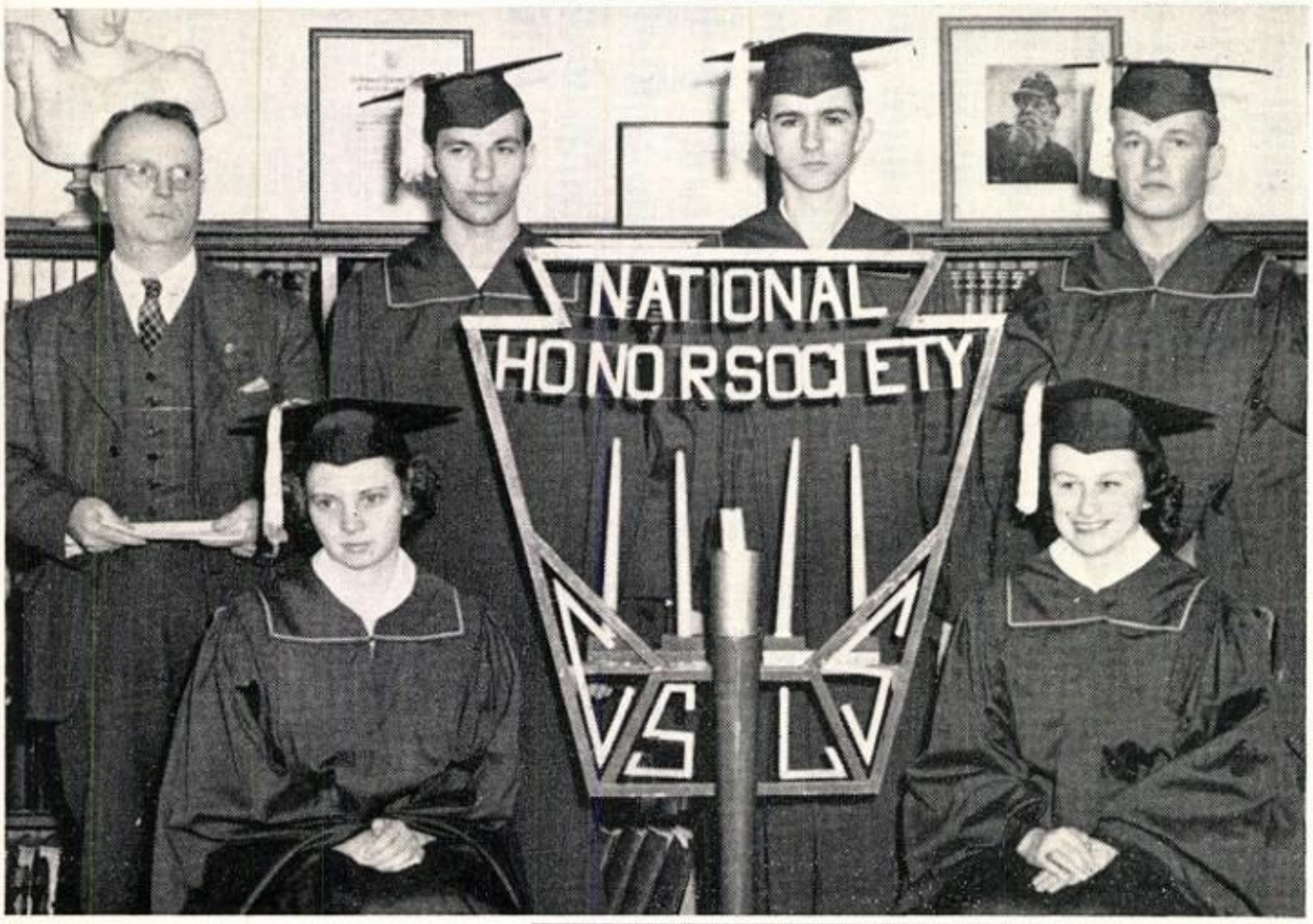
It is ably directed by Mr. Lewis, school music instructor, and serves Crosby excellently.

Names on page 83

Keystone Board

The members of the Keystone Board have sponsored many projects to supplement the money raised from advertising in order that this yearbook might be a credit to the class and to Crosby.

The board wishes to express its appreciation to our advisor, Mrs. Hester Crone, for her guidance and to all who have helped to make this book possible.



The National Honor Society

This national high-school organization gives recognition to outstanding students on the basic of scholarship, leadership, service and character as shown in the school. It encourages the exploration and development of these qualities in students.

Ann Allenwood, Natalie Marriner, George Prior, Edmund Hardy, and Felix Whitney have been elected to Dirigo Chapter at Crosby High School. Mr. Weymouth is sponsor.

Senior Wearers of The "C"

The senior class is proud of its many members who have earned the Crosby "C" by participating in sports, dramatics, music, and cheerleading.

The girls are: Philomine Smith, Gladys Clark, Jean Weymouth, Libby Jenness, and Natalie Marriner. The boys are: Bill Gum, Felix Whitney, Spud Prior, John Brown, John Carr, Eddie Hardy, Ronald Nickerson, Kenneth Leeman, Richard Parker, Elwin Clements, Gordon McCue, Bernard Gaul, George Ferguson, Allan Hamm, Joe Baird, Robert Ramsdell, Dick Teeves, and Eryant Dutch.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The student council has undertaken many worthwhile projects this year and has sent representatives to the Y.M.C.A. Older Boys' Conference and to the State Student Council Convention, both of which were held in Portland. The student council officers for this year are: President, Bryant Dutch; Vice-President, James Gammons; Secretary, Natalie Marriner; and Treasurer, Edmund Hardy.

YOUTH CENTER COUNCIL

The Youth Center Council consists of five members of the student body of Crosby: Peter Doak, chairman; Nancy Vaughn, secretary; Roger Smith, Russell Knight and Ruth Bachelder. Mr. Wortman and Mrs. Townsend are usually present.

There have only been two meetings held since the election of officers. As a result of these meetings, ping-pong tournaments have been held for both Junior and Senior High students.

LIBRARY

Our school library has many advantages to offer our students; such as good reference books, historical and modern fiction, periodicals, four newspapers, occupational guides and college bulletins. Our library is efficiently managed by a group of student librarians, headed by Wayne Johnson, under the guidance of Harold O. Doe, faculty advisor.

ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE

The faculty committee on assemblies plans the general assembly program for the year. Working in conjunction with the student assembly committee, it supervises and assists with the presentation of the weekly assembly programs.

FOOTLIGHTS CLUB

The Footlights Club, although it got off to a slow start at the first of the year, is now coming into the lime-light.

As the lights dim, every other Thursday evening, the curtain is raised on a business meeting of the club. The President, Bryant Dutch; the Vice-president, Norma Bradbury; the secretary, Joan Woodbury; and the treasurer, Bernard Gaul, preside over the group. After the business meeting the scene changes, and seen on the stage during the course of the evening are several skits or playlets. As the lights again come on around eight, another meeting of the Crosby Footlights Club comes to an end.

STRAY CATS

The Footlights Club of Crosby presented the three-act farce, "Stray Cats," on November 21 before a large and appreciative audience. The cast did excellent work interpreting each role. Hester O. Crone was coach; Harold Doe, stage manager; and Amy DeForest, property manager

ONE ACT PLAY

Under the direction of Mrs. Amy DeForest, assisted by Harold Doe, the students of Crosby appeared in a one act drama "Spider's Web" presented in the auditorium on Tuesday, March 18, 1952.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

The public speaking group consists of senior high students who, because of their interest, volunteer for this activity. Members of this group are chosen to participate in the speaking exhibition and the various annual speaking contests throughout the state.

THE CROSBY REVUE

For the second year, giving three productions under the direction of Mr. Hinckley and Mr. Lewis, for the benefit of the Crosby A.A. and Music Association, Crosby High School presented the Crosby Revue and Minstrel Show.

Included in the show were dance and song acts, quartets, tumbling acts, plus many more features. The Minstrel Show was outstanding with its Interlocutor and End-men, plus various acts which went to comprise the show.

It is hoped that the Crosby Revue will continue as a tradition at Crosby.

CROSBY CRIER

For the first time in many years, Crosby High has published a school paper. Two editions of the "Crosby Crier" have been put out by the senior high students under the direction of Mr. Doe. Two editions have also been put out by the junior high; one under the direction of Mrs. Young, and the other under Mrs. DeForest.

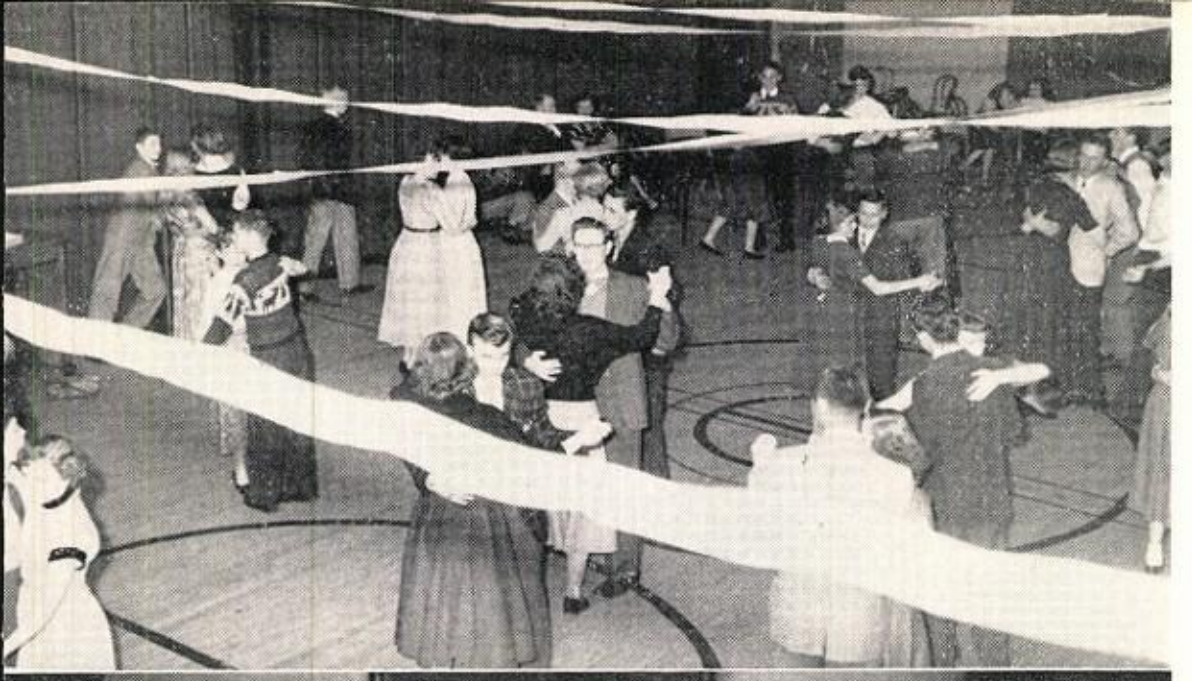
A group of commercial pupils under the supervision of Mrs. Packard forms the production end of the publishing. It is planned to continue this project by publishing four issues each year.

CANDY SALE

Where do Crosby students get their energy? Why, from their daily candy bar, of course. Their needs are efficiently supplied by these faithful candy girls who serve them every recess.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL

The first Crosby Winter Carnival took place on March 8th, 1952. It was held at Pitcher Pond in Northport. The exc.ting events were skating, skiing, snowshoeing, and toboggan races. This was followed by a gaily colorful Coronation Ball in the evening, where the King and Queen for the day were elected, prizes awarded and dancing and refreshments were enjoyed. This one big day full of fun and excitement was sponsored by the Class of "53."



SCHOOL DANCES

The first dance of the year was held by the seniors on October 5 after the Freshman initiation exercises, with the Freshman cleaning up afterward, of course. A Halloween Dance was sponsored by the Student Council, and later the seniors sponsored a "Sadie Hawkins Dance." The sophomores held a "Sock Dance" in January. All dances are held in the school gym which takes on a new appearance with each event. The students always look forward to the Sophomore Hop, the Junior Prom, and the Senior Ball.

FRESHMAN INITIATION

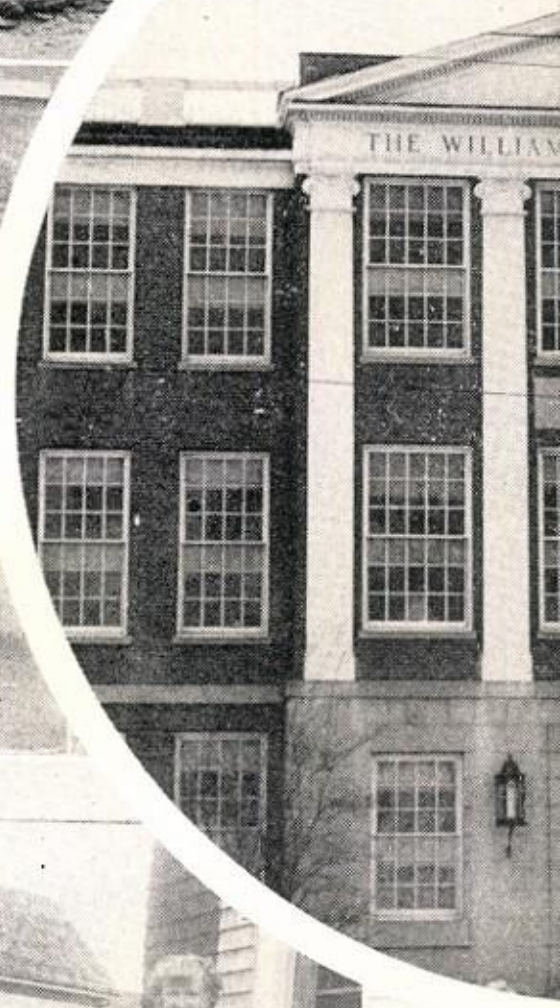
Freshman initiation was held on October 5, 1951. The freshmen were required to wear rather unusual dress on this day. At noon they washed the cars of willing seniors and mowed lawns, raked, picked up paper etc. The evening program consisted of the freshmen doing more stunts followed by a dance after which the freshmen cleaned up.

OFFICE HELP

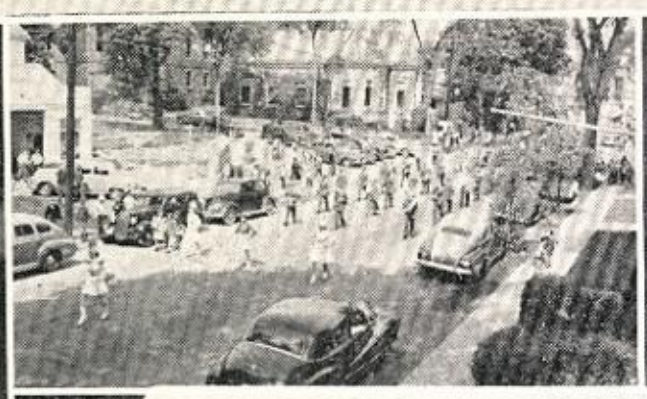
A valuable addition to the efficiency of our school is the attractive personnel in the office. The duties range from answering the telephone and meeting callers to typing and general office work.

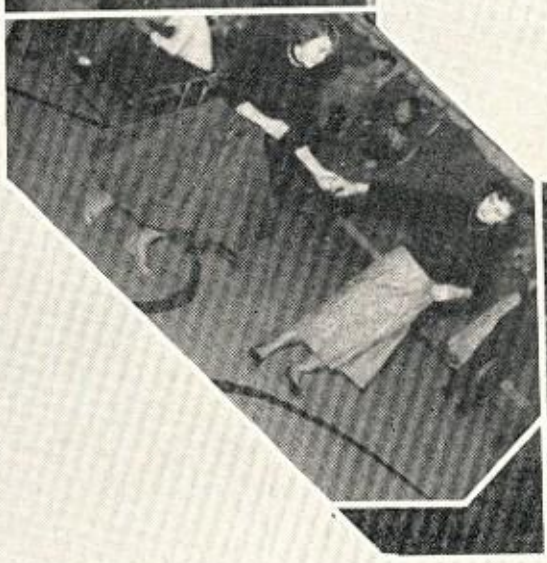
GYM

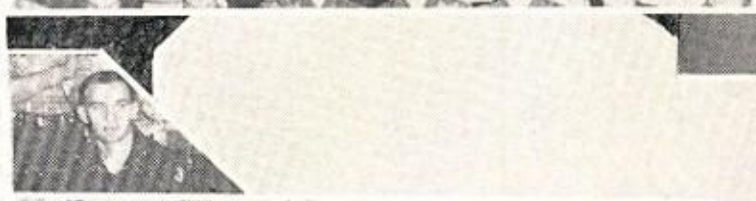
The gym classes have been very active this year under the guidance of Coach Soucy. They have participated in tumbling, intramural - basketball, volley - ball and touch - football. A varied and interesting program of activities has been followed.


THE WILLIAN

HOLLYWOOD BAR







E.C

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Crosby, under Coach Fred Soucy, opened her football campaign here against powerful Lincoln. The Lions, sparked by McCue's forty yards touchdown jaunt, played on even terms until the heat and lack of reserves took its toll. Crosby – 7, Lincoln – 20.

The following Saturday, an inspired Crosby eleven battled Orono to a 6-6 deadlock with Prior scoring off tackle. Crosby – 6, Orono – 6.

In their next outing, the Lions really got going with Bill Gum heading a hard-charging line and posted a revengeful victory over her northern rival. Crosby – 14, Greenville – 0.

The blue and gold next journeyed to Hampden where, on a rain soaked field, they suffered their second setback of the season. Whitney and Clements played "heads-up" defensive ball for the Soucymen. Crosby – 0, Hampden – 20.

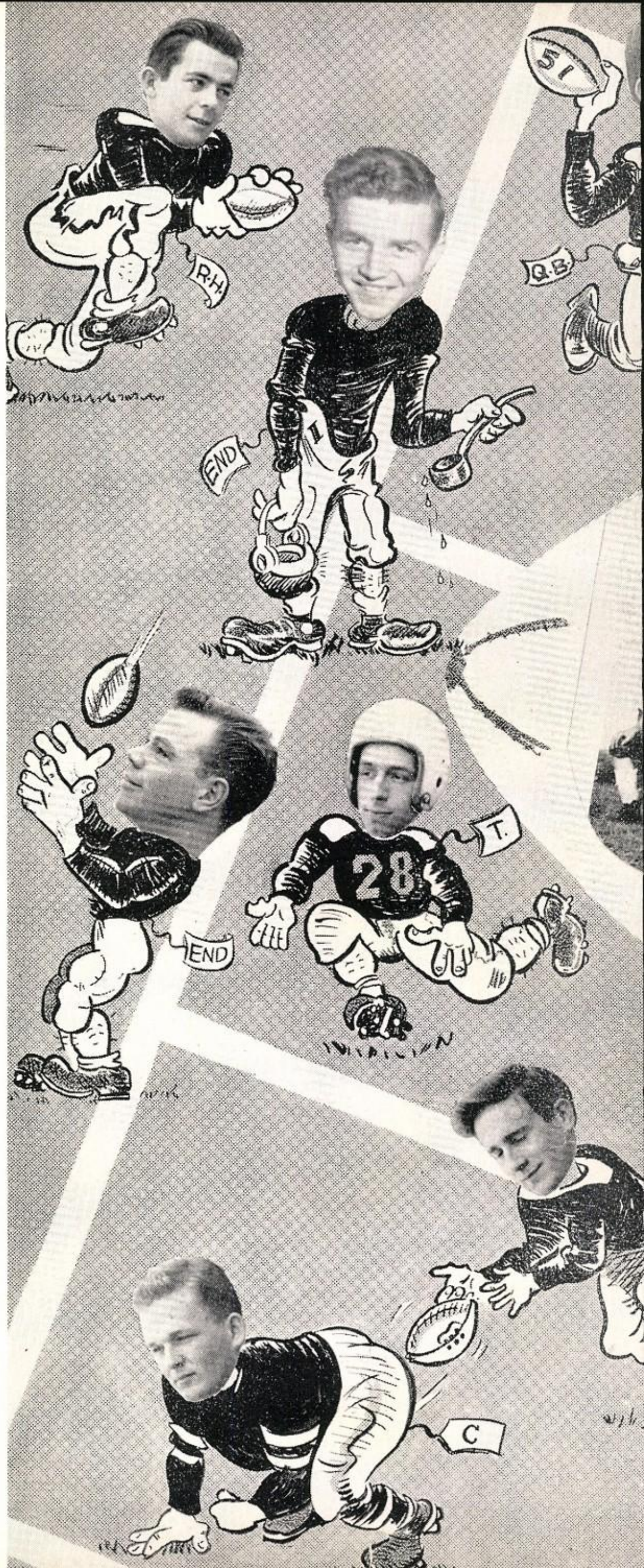
A confident club came to Belfast the following weekend looking for an easy time, but Coach Soucy and Company had other ideas; and only after a hard fought contest were the visitors able to squeeze out a victory. Crosby – 0, Bucksport – 7.

A hungry Lion roared into Ellsworth and proceeded to eat up the Eagles. "Spud" Prior led the way with three touchdowns behind spectacular blocking. Crosby – 33, Ellsworth – 13.

This being the last game of the season, Crosby was looking for a victory, but Lady Luck failed to smile her way. Even so, the Crosbymen, spearheaded by their hard-running, fullback, Johnny Brown, almost upset Winthrop and Lady Luck with her. Crosby – 2, Winthrop – 6.

This year was the initial one for the Little Ten Conference in which Crosby is a member. At the season's end we had finished sixth in the league's standing. We placed three men on the mythical All Ten Team; first team, Felix Whitney, center; honorable mention, Red Clements, end; and Richard Kelley, guard.

Although this year's team did not win all of its games, it did win a high place in the minds of those who admire true sportsmanship and a fighting heart; therefore, we wish to express our congratulations to Coach Soucy for a job well done.



END

G

QB

T

T.

END

L.H.

F.B.

G.

G.

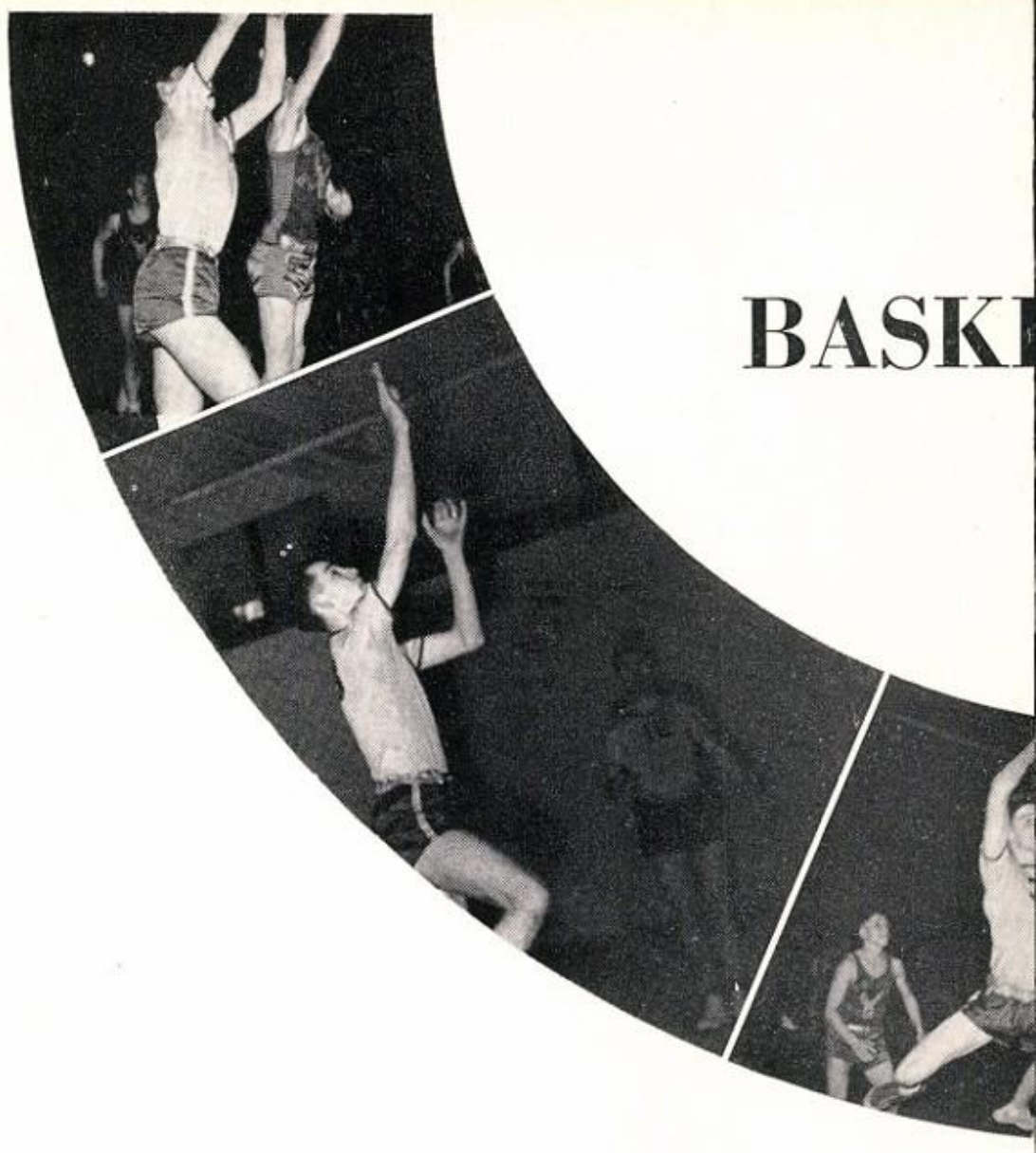
LYN
STARRATT '51

VARSITY

Eighteen games were scheduled for the 1951-1952 basketball season. Among these opponents were Winslow and St. Francis which we hadn't played in the last five years and Bucksport which we hadn't played in the last three years.

Four games were won and twelve were lost. The Lions roared over Camden twice; Orono and Hampden once. The Lions bowed to Greenville, Bucksport, Rockland, Winslow, St. Francis, and once to Orono and Mt. Desert. Of these losses two games with Greenville were exceptionally close.

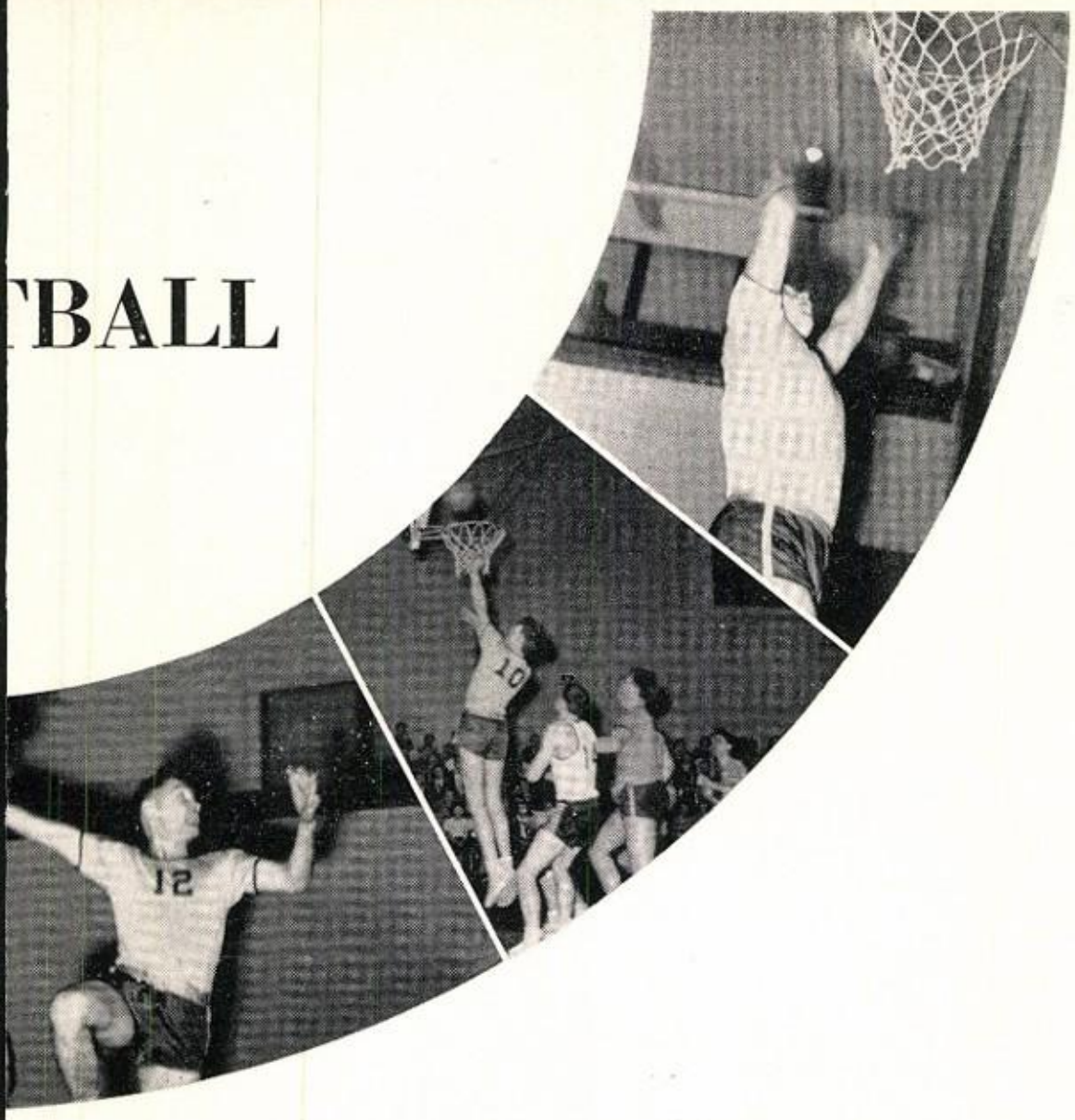
Continued to Page 85



BASKE

Left to right, Fred Soucy, Coach; (standing) J. Brown, Co-Capt.; H. Merservey, R. Smith, D. Greenlaw, G. McCue, E. Hardy, J. Carr, Co-Capt.; M. Kapiloff, R. Nickerson, (kneeling) F. Whitney, R. Parker, R. Kelley, G. Prior.

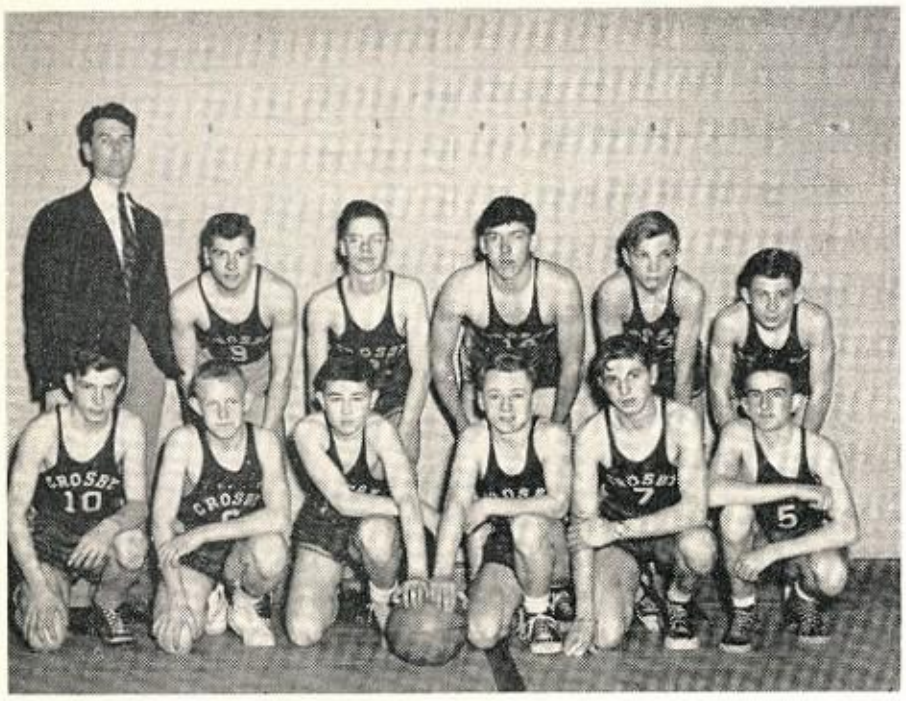
TBALL



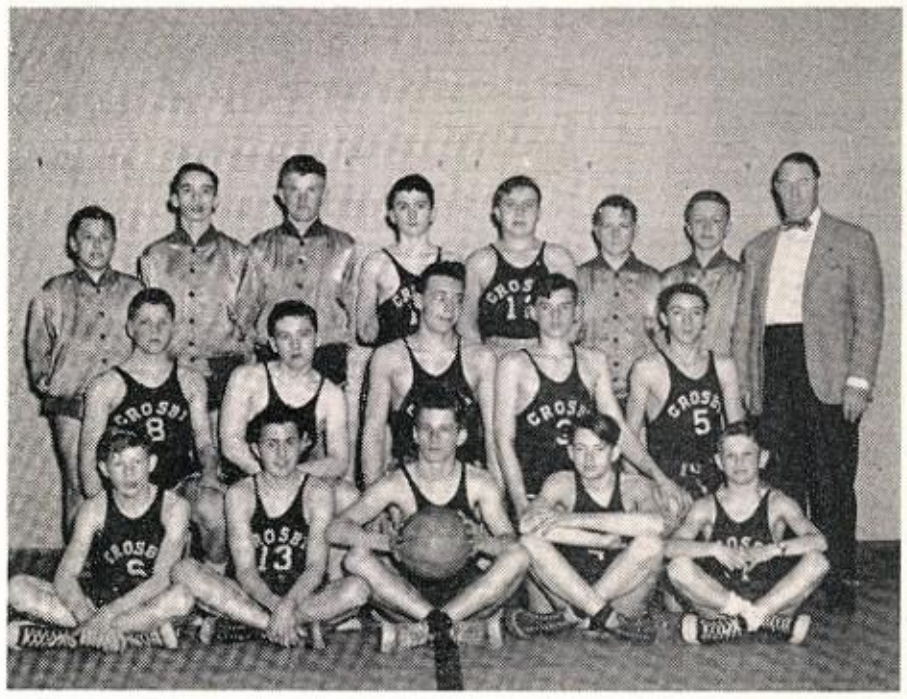
JUNIOR VARSITY

The Junior Varsity Team, under the very capable coaching of Mr. Soule, provided the Crosby fans with many a thrill and hard-fought game. Although they didn't make a clean sweep of their games, they did gain undaunted prestige by their ever present spirit. This display of spirit carried on the fine Crosby tradition which has been handed down through the years. We hope that future J V teams will continue to carry this on as well.

Left to right, First Row: Neil Soule, Coach; M. Littlefield.
Second Row: T. Stephenson, H. Merservey, B. O'Leary, G. L amont, R. Burns, C. Hammons, E. Jackson, W. Butler.



Freshman Basketball



Junior High Basketball

FRESHMEN BASKETBALL

For the first time in many years a freshman basketball team was organized at Crosby. The coaching duties were undertaken by our likable new teacher, Mr. Hall. When the season came to a close the boys had posted a record of one victory and five defeats. But more important than this was the valuable experience which they had gained. With this experience we know that they will go on successfully representing Crosby in future years.

JUNIOR HIGH BASKETBALL

Fine coaching by Mr. Mansur, teamwork by the boys and an ever-present desire to win combined to give the Junior High Basketeers that always - sought - after undefeated season. They compiled a record of eight wins, no losses. Crosby hopes that they will continue in their winning ways all through their high school years.

Front Row: C. Higgins, J. Brown, J. Payson, V. Curtis, H. English, M. Roberts, N. Vaughn.
Second Row: S. Whitehead, J. Woodbury, N. Marriner, P. Smith, E. Jenness, J. Knight, P. Jenness.
Third Row: Burton Hinckley, Coach; R. Stephenson, B. Worth, J. Flowers, D. Mooers, V. LaFond, J. Lincoln, O. Murphy, Managers, G. Clark and J. Weymouth.

Burton J. Hinckley, Robert A. Hall, Norman C. Mansur.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team this year started its 1952 season the first of November with Burt Hinckley as coach. The team consisted of three seniors, five juniors, two sophomores and nine freshmen. Gladys Clark and Jean Weymouth, as managers, did a fine job of supplying the girls with gum and tangerines.

The girls appreciated their new uniforms made possible by funds from the Curtis Magazine Drive.

Even though the team wasn't too successful, the girls learned the value of teamwork and sportsmanship under the capable guidance of Coach Hinckley.

J. V. Cheerleaders

CHEERLEADERS

The Crosby Cheerleaders started this year with a Varsity and Junior Varsity squad.

The Varsity Cheerleaders worked hard and raised money to buy new uniforms.

The Ladies Booster Club presented them with new jackets which were greatly appreciated.

The girls showed much spirit and led the boys to many victories.

Junne Knight, Natalie Marriner, Gail Jones, Pat Perry, Beverley Worth, Onie Murphy.

BASEBALL — 1951

In the spring of 1951, Crosby started the season off in good fashion defeating Mt. Desert 4-1 at Mt. Desert. Clayton Smith, Crosby ace, pitched two hit ball.

In the following game against Hampden, at Hampden, Crosby lost in a game which saw many errors by each team. The score see-sawed, with Hampden winning 6-5. Bud Smith pitched a no-hit game, but still we lost. This was the craziest thing in Maine schoolboy baseball all season.

In Crosby's first home game of the season the Lions lost 7-5 in extra innings. The Lions then journeyed to Ellsworth losing 5-1. Orono came to Belfast where the Riots were beaten 21-1. Crosby showed too much power and class for the Riots. All the Lions saw action in this game. Bud Smith was the winning pitcher while Payson, Nickerson and Smith led the hit parade with four hits apiece.

After beating Orono 21-1, the Lions journeyed to Bucksport where they lost a loosely played game 13-5. Bud Smith was the loser with Carl Bowen doing relief work.

In a return game with Ellsworth at Belfast, the Eagles were beaten 9-2. Lin Starratt was the winning pitcher, recording his first victory of the season. John Carr and John Brown were the big guns at the plate with two hits apiece.

Then Hampden was defeated by Crosby, at Belfast, 8-1. Carl Bowen was the winning pitcher with his first victory of the season being recorded.

The regular season ended with a four win, four lost record for a percentage of .500.

Bud Smith was the Crosby ace, while Lin Starratt and Carl Bowen each won a game apiece.

Crosby entered the Eastern Maine Baseball Tournament at the University of Maine where the Lions lost to Presque Isle by a score of 9-3.

Presque Isle started the game off in the third inning with two runs. Crosby came back in the fifth inning with three runs. The Lions were ahead of the Spudlanders 3-2 going into the sixth inning when the Lions' infield made five errors and the batsmen of Presque Isle had two hits. Then Presque Isle went ahead 9-3 with this being the final score. Red Nickerson led the batters with three hits.

Crosby, at graduation, lost all of their starters except John Carr, right fielder on last year's team, and Felix Whitney, catcher. These two fellows are the only veterans back this year. They are expected to do much on the part of holding the team together in order to mold a winning baseball team for the season of 1952. John Brown, first baseman, on last year's team will be acting as manager.

May the baseball team of 1952 have a winning season.

THE GLORIOUS RED

It was in an attic, an old, old attic, that Herr Holwig sat painting; but it was clean and neater than most artists' apartments usually are. Herr Holwig was about sixty years old, a handsome man, with black hair which was tinged with gray. He was rather tall, and fairly erect, though at times his shoulders stooped a little; and as he stood back to study an effect, he himself made a picture well worth the admiration which was manifested in the eyes of a tiny youngster of four, who was standing in the doorway looking intently at him. A minute before the child had been crying, and the dirty freckled little face was streaked with tears. Finally, the artist turned and was very surprised to see the little boy.

As soon as he turned around, the boy began crying again; but after a few minutes he made Herr Holwig understand that his mother was sick.

As the boy started down the rickety old stairs, Herr Holwig noticed that he dragged one foot, for it was twisted. Being very sympathetic, he followed the child until they came to a room, dirty, untidy, and poor. He quickly discovered the figure of an elderly woman on an old bed in a corner; and upon a second look, realized she was dead. There seemed to be no kind neighbors who knew the boy; and although Herr Holwig was poor and hardly a proper guardian for the child, he felt that he must take him.

It was ten years later, when one afternoon the artist and Peter, for that he had learned was his name, entered the room where an art exhibit was being held. One of Herr Holwig's paintings was there, and he and Peter were very eager to learn the name of the prize winner.

Late in the day, a crowd of people gathered around the prize picture, which was a wonderful painting with a red, red glow, painted by an artist who had just died. Although many of the artists had paints from all over the world, none of them had ever seen the equal of this wonderful color.

Herr Holwig and Peter, sad and discouraged, went home to their attic. The

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OUR SUN VALLEY

People laugh when they say, "me, myself, and I," but I didn't laugh then.

It was a cold, bleak, blustry day in November that I started from Brochet up the Kazan River. I didn't have a soul who cared whether I lived or died.

Two weeks after mother died, I joined up with the Royal Canadian Police. Now, I know you think that means "men in bright red uniforms mounted on beautifully groomed horses." I have only been on one horse since I joined. That was for some big celebration, just to parade through the streets.

I wasn't looking for a criminal who had killed half a dozen men. I wasn't going to fight a fire (alone), I wasn't going to carry mail (to the wolves). All I was going to do was go on a joy ride. I kind'a think they wanted to get rid of me. I was just to travel through a certain section of country checking on the population, the country and the growth of forest and production of fur animals. Right now I didn't much care what happened to me, my own officers and fellow buddies didn't want me and I had no kin. Even in school a girl wouldn't look cross-eyed at me. The only praise I got was from Ma.

"If" was written by Kipling but Ma read it to me and she ended it like this, (no different to most people but to me!!). And You **Will** be a Man my Son! The only thing I had left of hers was the New Testament she gave me on my 22nd birthday, inscribed was: To my son, Bud Wilson, A **Man,** on his 22nd birthday.

I spent most of that winter up one stream down another, over land and up hills. Tramp, tramp. . . It was lonely, so lonely, with only the cry of a wolf piercing the darkness, but to me that cry of the wolf was to a shewolf telling of his love for her. It was all the way they had of speaking. Those nights I would have been glad to find someone who would just howl like a wolf to me.

But I read Ma's Testament and by April I began to take a new interest in things and the world about. It was beautiful. I loved

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TRANQUIL

When the sun's last rays are tinting the
West
And evening is drawing nigh,
Cool breezes caress the ocean
With a soft, yet passionate sigh.

And from my lonely cabin door
I peer into the blue;
The moonlight shines among the pine
Where twinkling stars peep through.

In the sun, the sea, the stars, the sky
The greatness of God is seen;
The peace and joy of all mankind
Lies reflected – still – serene.

Elwin Clements '52

FRESHMEN

From a seasoned old junior
Who's been through the mill,
To a new little freshman
At the foot of the hill.

Prepare for a long climb
Which is both hard and steep;
But I'll guarantee memories
That you'll always keep.

First, pay attention
And you'll get along;
Second, cooperate
And you'll never go wrong.

Next, do your work
And in it be neat;
And don't, my dear freshies,
Leave gum under your seat.

Leslie LaFond '53

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Johnny had been so happy up until today. He was a senior in high school and he had plans – wonderful plans – but now they were spoiled.

As he walked home in the brisk winter air, he tried to get his thoughts organized. He saw again the headlines in the "New York Tribune" as he had seen them that very noon, "Bill Passed Requiring 19-Year-Olds To Register." He recalled, as he walked along, that there had been an article in his current events magazine discussing the draft for nineteen-year-olds. He had not thought much about it, however; it had all seemed so remote – something that couldn't possibly affect his life and all those plans which he wanted so much to work out. Now the reality of it all struck him brutally.

He glanced down at his history book. Its title was "The Land of the Free." His thoughts were bitter. This land is not free; we are forced to serve in the army. Tears came to his eyes as he thought how he had planned to go to New York University and major in journalism. He had worked on the high school papers and had loved every minute of it. He thought also of Karen who was also going to the University – the girl he loved. He grew even more bitter as he thought how their lives would be changed.

When he walked into the kitchen of his home, his mother greeted him with a cheery smile. He remained quiet. Sensing that something was wrong, as mothers always do, she questioned him. He started to speak; then impulsively he ran to his mother and laid his head on her lap as he had done when he was a little boy. He asked her if she had seen the headlines and she replied that she had. He paused as though expecting her to understand why he was so upset. She only asked him why it should bother him so when he knew that sooner or later it would happen and that it was just one of those things a person has to grin and bear.

"But, Mom, don't you understand what this is going to do to all my plans – Karen's and my plans?"

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THE SHIPWRECK

One would doubt if this poor creature was actually alive as he lay there on the sand. His face was but a mass of flesh and bones; while over his whole body the skin hung like loose cloth. His arms dangled from the rest of his body.

This poor creature was all that remained of the San Mona, a ship lost at sea more than three months previous.

It took nearly a month for him to recover sufficiently to tell of his experiences at the mercy of the sea. This is the tale he told.

"We were seven days out of port when the skipper noticed a strange disturbance off our port bow. Upon closer examination it was found to be a hurricane. Before we had a chance to prepare for it, it was upon us. 'Hard to starboard,' I cried, but it was too late. The storm was upon us.

"Buffeted about like a cork stopper, we knew we had little chance for survival unless we could keep her windward. This proved to be a most difficult task as we were continually engulfed by waves. We had managed to survive so far but the storm was telling on the ship. Suddenly the masthead came crashing to the deck, catching the skipper on the back. With agonizing screams, he was washed overboard.

"Then came that deadly calm; the center of the storm was upon us. We made good use of this by preparing the ship as best we could for the second half of the storm. The crew had already taken a miserable beating but was determined to see it through.

"Half an hour later, the storm was again battering our wretched vessel. An enormous wave suddenly struck us, splitting her right in two. Fortunately I was thrown clear of the wreck; soon I managed to grab a piece of driftwood and hung on for dear life.

"There were but three survivors. By this time the storm had subsided so we gathered up all the driftwood we could find and constructed a crude raft. I was the only

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RAINDROPS

Fat little raindrops,
Falling from the sky,
Where have you come from,
Way up there so high?

Wet little raindrops,
Falling in the yard,
Who has sent you down here
Without a calling card?

How did you get here
To fall upon the ground,
Round little raindrops,
Spattering all around?

Clorice Higgins '55

TEACHERS' MID-YEARS

Brilliant Junny, Crosby student,
  Flunked in every mid-year test.
She got twenty, thirty, forty;
  Fifty was her very best.

"Oh, I do so wish," said Junny,
  "That for once before I die,
I might ask those teachers questions
  That would mortify them, nigh."

I would say to Mrs. Roberts,
  As to me she's not yet said,
"By the process of addition,
  Count the hairs upon my head."

To Mr. Weymouth would be the question,
  Written neatly with a pen,
Passed to him with lots of paper,
  "What is tariff to a hen?"

And to Mrs. Crone, I'd utter,
  Holding out a crumpled sheet,
"Punctuate this baby's letter
  And be sure to make it neat."

Junne Knight '53

THE PAYOFF

"Nice game, Bob."

"Thanks, fellows."

"Say, Bob, could we see you for a few minutes after you get dressed?"

"Well, if it won't take too long, because I have a date."

"It won't take long, fellow, and it's mighty important."

"All right, I'll be back in about ten minutes. Wait here." Bob hurried to the shower.

"Who in the world were those guys?" Bob wondered. What could they want with me that was so important? Could they be from the University? After all, I did make a good showing tonight, and I was hot under that basket. Maybe they want to offer me a scholarship.

The locker room was steaming hot with the vapor from the showers and loud with the joking laughter of a victorious team. Bob took his shower and sought out his buddy.

"Will yo do me a favor, Kenny?"
"Sure, what?"

"Tell Ann I'll be a little late. A couple of guys want to see me for a minute. She's at the south gate."

"She won't like it; but I'll tell her."

Bob pulled on his sweater, the one Ann had knit for him, and headed for the stairs.

"Hi ya, Bob. You're a fast dresser."

"Oh, nothing to it when you know how."

The tall man with the hooked nose put his hand on Bob's shoulder. "Bob, boy, you were hittin' that bucket nice tonight. We liked your looks out there. And what we got to say may be a big help to you. You want to go to college, don't you?"

"I'd sort of like to, yes."

"Well, we got a plan. We happen to know that your Dad hasn't got the money to send you. And what you get you'll have to earn yourself. Right?"

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COUNTRY BOY

I came from the country
To this school called Crosby High.
Things to me seem different;
Now I think that I know why.

Back home, at eight I went to school,
But now it's seven-thirty.
The girls, I find quite hard to meet;
At home they were quite flirty.

The stores, there are so many
Lined up all in a row;
At home there were but two, but here
How many I don't know.

Things seem bigger and better
As I journey out this way;
More things to do, more things to see,
And many more things to say.

I liked life in the country,
But the city's got my eye;
At home it was a four room school
But now it's Crosby High.

I used to be a country boy
Back home among the hills;
Church on Sunday, the only fun,
But now look at the thrills!

I look back on my country life.
I used to call it joy;
But now with all this fun, I guess
I'll be a city boy.

Danny Knight '55

LEAVES

Leaves remind me of colored snow,
Swirling around when the wind doth blow,
Up in the air as high as can be,
As far, as far as the eye can see,
Covering the ground for a carpet to make,
Covering the ground for someone to rake.

Sandra Sherman '53

DAY DREAMING

They say I'm quite a dreamy person;
But little do they know

What sweet thoughts I have in mind
To keep my heart aglow.

For in my lovely dreams, my dear,
With a heart that longs for you,

I say the things I can not say
When I am close to you.

Patricia Jenness '53

THE BATTLE

The big, black cat
In the little green house
Fought a great, big duel
With a bad, old mouse.

The big, black cat
Hit the bad old mouse
And called him names.
"You darned, old louse!"

But as they fought
It truly seemed,
The battle wasn't going
As the cat had dreamed.

The mouse would dodge
And run about;
The cat couldn't hit him
A decent clout.

They dodged and ran
Around and round,
When into the wall
Went the mouse with a bound.

So the battle ended
With the cat still mad;
The bad, little mouse
Laughed and said, "I'm glad!"

Sandra Merriam '53

THE CASTLE

A deserted, old mansion where a strange doctor lived and kept his laboratory years ago towered above our town. "The Castle," it was called because of its gloomy appearance in a grove of trees. The young people in our crowd talked about it and threatened to explore it but hadn't quite dared. But one dark rainy night, Pete and I decided that exploring the castle was the kind of thrill we wanted.

As we entered the dark grove, we looked about uneasily. "Why do people say the old doctor was a madman?" I asked, "and why did nobody put him in an insane asylum?"

"I guess because he always kept his place barred," said Pete. "Besides, he didn't have any family."

The rain had stopped and there was only the eerie dripping of the trees. The moon was shining through the clouds on the castle. It stood lonely on the hilltop, its shutters off the hinges, its windows like dark, hollow eyes. I shivered. More than ever it seemed as if it was the hiding place of ghosts!

Once up on the steps and across the broken porch, Pete put his weight against the door, and the lock gave way.

The room we entered was bare and dirty. The cobwebs waved in the draft from the open door. Dust was so thick it was like sand under our feet. There was a sudden rustling sound from a stack of old papers in the corner.

I screamed, but Pete's steadying arm was around me. "It's just a rat," he said.

I gulped. "Oh! Is that all? Well, shall we leave? We've been in. Let's go."

"The laboratory is in the tower," said Pete. "That's what I want to see."

As we went up the wide, creaking stairs, the shadows from Pete's flashlight seemed like moving creatures along the wall. It was raining again. We could hear it beating against the windows. As we climbed high, it seemed that the shadows, the dust, and the gloom of the place came closer

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VICTORY SUBDUED

The cap'n of the Neversweats was rooted in his place,
One foot upon the tattered coat that served for second base;
His ragged, tattered uniform was padded hip and knee,
The Captain of the Neversweats was only five foot three.
A mighty mitt encased his paw, he spat upon the same,
And chirped, in shouted interludes, the story of the game;
T'was Satiday a week ago we played the Busy Bees;
Dey brung a rugged pitcher and say he was a cheeze.
The way he handed sliders out was purty near a crime,
He chucked dat coily inshoot drop dat fools ye every time;
He held us down to forty hits and runs wuz mighty rare,
But in the ninth we sized him up and pasted him fer fair.
Foist Dumpy found his coives and knocked a cockin' fly,
Den Limpy picked a crackerjack an' smashed it in his eye;
Den Skeezicks hit de ball a swipe that lifted off the lid,
And Carrots ran de bags fer home and Cricky how he slid.
Dem Bees wuz stiffs, they couldn't catch, they couldn't throw at all,
While we wuz playin' fer our lives; we couldn't miss de ball;
Well, did we win? Well, did we? Say! They didn't get a smell,
We chased each other 'round the bags, t'was like a carousel.
Why, when we put the last man out and added up the score
They only had eighty runs while we had ninety-four;
What, lick them lobsters? Sure, we kin at anytime o' year.
Jest watch, we'll show yuh how it's done. Hey Coily, put 'er here!

Earl Fenwick '53

GOAT HEAD

As the first bright rays of the morning sun hit the tree line, Buck crawled out of his bag and stretched in the frosty November air. As he stood there looking at the height at which they must climb this day, he saw small figures moving about on the highest ledge. Floundering back into his tent he found his binoculars and stumbled back out into the frosty air. His eyes still heavy with sleep he peered through the binoculars trying to catch a glimpse of the figures which had been there before. He could find nothing.

By this time the other members of his party had scrambled out into the light, each one arguing about the cold, the time of day and what he could see. Hesitantly Buck pointed to the ridge and said he had seen figures moving about at this point. Now they were all filled with excitement, each one scrambling about to prepare for the day's hunt. By the time breakfast was made ready and eaten, they were all fully awake. Now came the planning of the day's hunt, trapping these goats which they had seen early that morning.

John was to take Jake and Henry and go around the mountain and come up the other side. Buck and Doc were to scale the sheer wall in front of them. As the two parties set out, each one wished the other good luck.

Buck and Doc climbed for about an hour making little headway as the going was rough and slippery. By this time, the sun had risen over the distant horizon and was flooding the valley before them with a yellow glow of brightness. The glow from the sun shone upon the ice on the rocks and reflected light into the dark corners of the valley. Starting out again after a short

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EXCHANGES 1951

ACADEMY ECHO, Freedom Academy, Freedom, Maine. Your literary section was very enjoyable.

ACADEMY REVIEW, Foxcroft Academy, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine. Your Calendar was very interesting and your ads were well arranged.

THE CABOOSE, Brownville Junction High School, Brownville Junction, Maine. Your literary section was excellent.

THE HILLCREST, Gorham State Teachers College, Gorham, Maine. We certainly couldn't ask for more pictures. It was a very good book.

ISLANDER, Bar Harbor High School, Bar Harbor, Maine. The drawings were well done and very interesting.

THE ISLESBORO ARGONAUT, Islesboro High School, Islesboro, Maine. We found your literary section very interesting.

THE JESTER, Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Maine. You had a very well composed book.

MEDOMAK BREEZE, Waldoboro High School, Waldoboro, Maine. We think that dedicating your book to peace was a very fine idea.

MEGUNTICOOK, Camden High School, Camden, Maine. Your literary section was very good.

MESSALONSKEE RIPPLE, Williams High School, Oakland, Maine. We enjoyed your activity section very much.

THE SOKOKIS WARRIOR, Limington Academy, Limington, Maine. Your photography was excellent. It was a very good book.

THE WINDJAMMER, Searsport High School, Searsport, Maine. The letters from the alumni section of your book were very original.

EXCHANGES 1952

SEDAN, Hampden Academy, Hampden, Maine.

NORUMBEGA, Mount Desert High School, Mount Desert, Maine.

PINE NEEDLES, Mattanawacook Academy, Lincoln, Maine.

THE HILLCREST, Bucksport High School, Bucksport, Maine.

THE WALKER BANNER, Walker High School, Liberty, Maine.

Others received after book had gone to press.

There once was a pious young priest
Who lived almost wholly on yeast;
"For," said he, "it is plain
We must all rise again.
And I want to get started at least."

———

A diner while dining at Crewe
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

———

A friend was condoling with a Scotchman on the loss of his wife.

"Eh, Sandy," he said, "'tis a sair loss ye hae had!"

"Mon, 'tis that," answered Sandy. "And tae think! 'Twas a week ago that the doctor ordered a box of pills for her, and she hadna time tae take but half of them!"

———

A hungry dog once wandered
Into a butcher store.
The butcher threw some sausage
To the dog upon the floor.
Then he said, "Now eat it!"
The dog said, "I decline,
For in that link of sausage,
Is an old sweetheart of mine."

ALUMNI

Velma Armstrong	At Home, Swan Lake Avenue, Belfast, Maine
Jean Baird	Radcliffe College
Carl Bowen	C. A. Paul, Belfast, Maine
Philip Bowen	Gorham State Teachers' College
Sally Brown	Marine Corps, Camp Pendleton, California
Sheila Roberts Brown	Home, Belfast, Maine
Barbara Bryant	F. W. Woolworth, Belfast, Maine
John Bryant	At Home, Swanville, Maine
Daniel Carr	Merchant Marine Service
Nicholas Clements	Farmington State Teachers' College
Ann Cole	Vermont Junior College
John Cogswell	Manager, Kilroy's, Belfast, Maine
Christine Hatch Cox	Housewife, Belfast, Maine
Elizabeth Crosby	Wellesley College
Leslie Curtis	Fowles' Corner Store, Belfast, Maine
Lillian Curtis	Westbrook Junior College
Bertha Drinkwater	At Home, Northport, Maine
Barbara Dunbar	McLellen's, Belfast, Maine
Delmont Gallant	Army
Celia Chaples Gross	Truitt Bros. Shoe Company, Belfast, Maine
Herman Gross	At Home, Swan Lake Avenue, Belfast, Maine
Lucille Guptill	First National Bank, Belfast, Maine
Norman Hall	Hall Hardware Co., Belfast, Maine
Tom Harvey	Indianapolis, Indiana
Heloise Heald	Husson College, Bangor, Maine
David Hills	Navy
Sally Hodges	Belfast Manufacturing Co., Belfast, Maine
George Hutchinson	University of Maine
Roger Jackson	State Hospital, Augusta, Maine
Virginia Jackson	Lougee's, Belfast, Maine
Mary Jones	First National Bank, Belfast, Maine
Barbara Newman Kelley	Post Graduate, Crosby High School
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Continued from Page 43

member of our wretched band who was not injured. Before the third day, Joe, our weakest member, passed away and we buried him at sea with full reverence. On the tenth day, my other crew-member fell into a trance and threw himself overboard. Before I could reach him he had drowned.

"The pangs of hunger were now excruciating but I determined to hang on as long as I could.

"I, myself, fell into a trance about the twelfth day and the next thing I recall I was staring at the walls of this hospital room."

William Butler '53

Shakespeare wrote tradedies, comedies and errors.

A metaphor is a thing you shout through.

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Continued from Page 41

artist had spent many weeks on his picture, and it was pitiful to see him, for the disappointment made him look old and bent.

Their conversation was entirely about the beautiful red, and as they talked, Herr Holwig grew almost wild with longing for it. For the next week his mind simply dwelled upon the subject of the wonderful red, until he grew pale, thin, and round shouldered. Peter tried and tried to find the secret, but could not.

One day while he was in the fruit store where he worked, Peter cut his hand. The cut was not severe, and while the owner's wife bandaged it, Peter was thinking of Herr Holwig. Suddenly, as he noticed the rich red blood from the cut, he cried aloud with joy, for he had found the secret of the wonderful red.

Peter decided that it would not do to tell the artist but went straight to the doctor's office, where he had enough blood drawn to fill a tiny bottle. The doctor was unskilled, but made a great deal of money among the poorer classes who believed in him implicitly. Knowing that Peter had enough money to pay a good fee, he asked no questions, when again and again the boy came to have the same operation performed.

Herr Holwig was at first so wild with joy that he did not think of asking where Peter had learned the secret, but sat painting, painting, painting. In his happiness over his work, he grew more like the old Herr Holwig, and asked where the boy had found the secret, but the boy would not answer.

There was to be another exhibit soon, and Herr Holwig decided to submit his painting which was entirely different except for the red glow, taken from the prize picture. At last, the eventful day arrived, and Herr Holwig went with his picture to the exhibit.

Continued to Page 61

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to watch the moose calves playing in the meadows and on the plains. To watch all the little creatures of the forest, and in the evening to see the birds flying overhead calling to one another.

The last of May the snow began to melt; the rivers began to swell. The sun was up longer — and the sunsets! No one, unless has lain with his back against a tree watching the water play around the rocks, hearing the fire crackle and looking to the west to see the sky turn pinker as the golden sun slides behind the snowcapped mountains to rest, knows how wonderful it all is.

I remember one night in the middle of June, most of the snow was gone except in sheltered spots and in ravines. I had stopped to unpack for the night. I ate supper; it seemed to be the same old things, beans! (It wasn't Saturday night either), Oh! for Ma's brown bread and gingerbread and whipped cream. But I was in good spirits, whistling while I worked. I made my bed of boughs and picked up camp. Mother taught me to be neat. (I always was!)

Then I lay against the trunk of the big Pine and looked west. The sky was extra red, fire red, but the sun began to sink and as I was so tired, extra tired, I thought nothing of it. In being happy I had forgotten my Bible reading. Just as I reached for my Testament, which I kept in my breast pocket, I heard a crash, then another, and another, it came from the west. I looked up just in time to see four moose and two calves cross the stream a short distance from me, behind them came a deer, bear and all the little creatures of the woods. I was startled but was quiet, for I wanted to know what was going on. In about five minutes I heard hoof beats, coming in a gallop. Silence! Then they appeared in the clearing and then LOOK! A girl on horse back.

I raced to her shouting! She must have thought me mad; but no, she stopped,

Continued to Page 59

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turned and came near me. She was a fairly plain girl, but pretty to me now, not having seen a girl since November of last year. A girl!

For a few minutes I don't know what happened and then she said calmly as if passing the time of day, "I have come from a camp ten miles west of here. I am going to Sun Valley, a town 30 miles from the 'Pine' where you sat." "Why?" I ask. "Because," she calmly replied, "this morning when Pa and I awoke the forest toward the northwest was strangely red. We thought nothing of it but as the day passed, the smoke began to settle over camp. Then we realized it was a forest fire. As Pa was lame and I was the only one left to ride, I am riding now for Sun Valley." (Later she told me Sun Valley was the name given to this certain valley and people like it so well, that some trappers, and farmers with their families settled in the eastern end of it.) I knew that I was in Sun Valley. Sun Valley was doomed to destruction. My land I learned to love. The people would lose their homes. No, sir! I then spoke to her, "If you will lend me your horse, I will go for you." "Oh yes, please," she cried. I raced back to camp, packed my duffle, jumped on the horse.

Hey, wait a minute, I, a member of the Royal Canadian Police, leaving a girl and her lame father to the disaster of the oncoming fire.

Seeing my puzzled expression, she said, "Hurry! I am o.k. I am going back to Dad and will return here with him. We'll wait here for you. I am used to the forest, it is mine! Now go, and God speed you."

I went. Simply as I say it. It was the voice of mother commanding me, not the girl's.

The next few hours are still dazed in my mind. I raced to the village, told them of the fire, and sent word to Headquarters. Then I returned to the "Pine."

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In the evening, he came home happy, so happy, with the prize; but there was no Peter to share his joy, for lying on the floor before the canvas was the boy, dead.

When Herr Holwig dressed Peter for the burial, he learned from the scars the great sacrifice of the boy who, like a son, had loved him, and the secret of the glorious red.

Saralee Thorpe '53

A girls who weighs many an oz.,
Used language I will not pronoz.,
Her brother one day
Pulled her chair right away.
He wanted to see if she'd boz.

Gorilla warfare means when the sides get up to monkey tricks.

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"Oh, Son, you must understand that it is your responsibility to help make this country safe. What good would your plans be if this country were to be attacked and overrun by Communists. I do understand, Johnny, how hard it is for you to see your immediate plans thrown out the window, so to speak; but it doesn't mean that your whole life is ruined. No one knows how long it will be necessary for our country to train boys to fight."

"How can I look forward to anything in the future when I don't even know how long I'll have to serve?"

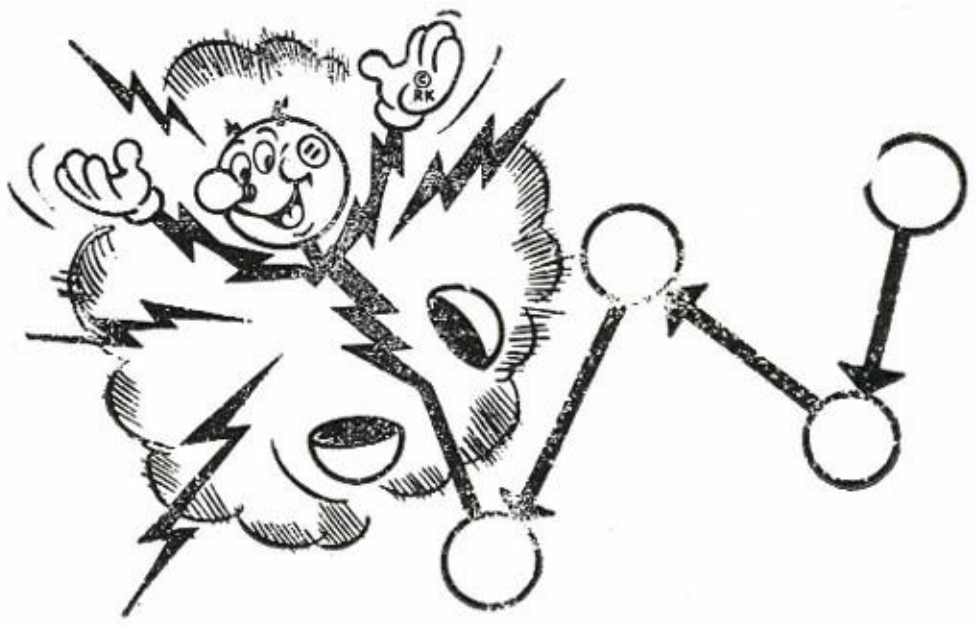
"Your father was once in the army. It didn't wreck his life. He's a very successful carpenter. Our life hasn't followed the pattern which we planned in our high school days, but it has been a good one. You just have to have faith, dear. Believe

Continued to Page 66

I'm a busy little atom,
I split myself in two;
I multiply as many times
As I have jobs to do.

In summer, winter,
Spring or fall
I'm ready every hour—so

Just push a switch,
And watch me zip
With light—or heat—or power



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Continued from Page 59

The next week the girl and I worked side by side with the Mounties and men who were saving their wives and children. All of us loved that forest. To some it meant food, clothing and protection. I really didn't know I loved it as I did.

It was almost a week and a half later that the last of the flames had been subdued. If it had not been for the stream where I sat that night when I first saw the girl, we would have still been fighting.

The last night in camp I realized that I had not even told the girl my name. Why! I had not even known hers. (How could a guy be so stupid?) We were washing dishes down by the stream (the town's people having gone home and the other Mounties smoking by the smoldering campfire with the girl's father) that she got up from her knees and said, "Bud, the sun, 'our sun.' Look!" I was stunned she called me, she called me, why she called me, "Bud" my nickmane in high school.

She saw my surprise and said, "Yes, Bud, Bud Wilson, it is time we introduced ourselves. I was struck dumb. How stupid of me. But before I opened my mouth, she made the introduction.

"The day we first met I saw you reading a book. Here," she said, and passed me my New Testament. In my hurry I had dropped my Testament and in my haste forgot it. She had picked it up and put it in her pocket planning to give it to me later. But lighting fire all week had kept her busy and she forgot about it until today. She happened to pick up the shirt she wore that day. She felt something in the pocket, in looking found this. She saw the writing inside and read it. Then she said she knew. (Knew what!)

"Bud," she said, "I am Carol Pearson, from Lubec." "My – ! oops, Ma said never to say it. Yes, I knew Carol Pearson, editor of the yearbook of my graduating class. "Hey, wait a minute, you were

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that there will be a bright future, and do all you can to help your country."

"I see what you mean, Mom. We just have to make the best of our lives and have faith in the future. My whole attitude has changed since I walked in that door. The Army is just a temporary change in my plans."

"Of course, Son, you just needed a few reassuring words. You've grown up some, Johnny, when you have learned to face the future with a smile."

Winnifred Walker '53

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about us. We reached the top and pushed open the door to the laboratory. Through the windows we could see storm clouds trailing past the moon which seemed very close. I felt queer and heady.

"Pete," I whispered uneasily.

He took my hand. "They say this is where the doctor spent all his time," he whispered too, as if the spirit of the old doctor was really here.

Pete ran his flashlight along the walls. They were lined with shelves filled with bottles.

"I can't read the labels," he said, as he took down a bottle and opened it.

"Oh, no, Pete!"

"Why?"

I shivered. "I . . . I don't know. It just doesn't seem as if we should."

"The doctor was insane and now he's dead," said Pete. "There's nothing sacred about the place."

I was scared to death, but there was an odd sort of thrill to it, too. "Yes, okay," I said. "Let me hold the flashlight."

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rest, they climbed till noonday. Upon reaching the position which they were to take, they sat down to eat their noon meal.

The other party, by this time, had come up the wooded side of the mountain and were now above the treeline, edging their way along the edges of the cliffs toward the east side of the mountain to the point at which the goats had been seen that morning. As there was little wind and the day was clear, John believed they would either stay at the same altitude or come down a little lower to feed along the treeline.

The bright noonday sun glittered upon the white, snow-capped mountains on the horizon and left a dazzling brightness on the landscape around them. Because of the high altitude there was little warmth to the sun.

As Buck and Doc sat on the leeward side of the cliff, the coolness of the rocks was refreshing after their long climb. Buck was smoking a cigarette and Doc had just taken his camera from its case to take pictures of the surroundings when a slide of debris and rocks was kicked from the ledge above them. Both men sprang back trying to avoid the falling rocks. Buck was drinking a cup of coffee; as he leaped backwards, he threw the cup into the air. The remainder of the ingredients came down upon his head with the rest of the dirt and debris above him. Doc jumped clear of these falling particles and was standing there gazing upwards toward the ledge above him trying to find what had caused this sudden landslide.

Then as suddenly as the rocks had previously fallen, a goat peered over the edge of the ledge and looked down sheepishly as if laughing at the joke which he had played upon them. Each man was now separated from his gun. Buck, still wiping the coffee out of his ears and hair, was sitting on the ground looking so downright disgusted with himself that it made Doc laugh.

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cross-eyed!" "Yes," she said, "but an operation after school closed helped straighten my eyes. Because Dad was lame and wanted to go back to the forests he loved, we came."

Yes, she was the cross-eyed girl who didn't have many friends, but she had one now.

Well, from that day on, we worked together to bring back to life the forest, our Sun Valley. Not me, myself and I, but me and my once cross-eyed friend.

Donna M. Warman '55

"Some people object to divorce," said the Reno lawyer. "But a large number of divorces proves that America is the land of the free."

"Perhaps," said the lawyer from New York. "But the steady persistence of marriage shows that it's also the home of the brave."

"Mother sent me to get a package of diapers for the new baby."

"Here's the package," said the storekeeper. "That'll be fifty cents for the diapers and two cents for the tax."

"Never mind the tacks," said the boy. "Mother uses safety pins."

"Is she a natural blonde or a platinum blonde?"

"Neither. She's a suicide blonde."

"A suicide blonde? What's that?"

"Dyed by her own hand."

There was an Old Lady whose folly
Induced her to sit in a holly;
  Whereon, by a thorn
  Her dress being torn,
She quickly became melancholy.

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The first bottle Pete opened had just paper stuffed inside. Not satisfied, he took it out and started smoothing it. Suddenly the flashlight caught a sparkle. I held the light closer, and there in Pete's hand lay a tiny packet of shining stones.

"Holy Smoke!" he cried.

"What on earth!" – but I didn't take time to finish.

Feverishly we opened more bottles and found at the bottom of each crumpled piece of paper another little pile of gems. At last we stopped, perspiring and exhausted.

My laugh was hysterical. "Pete, are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

He looked at me and smiled. "Maybe the old doctor wasn't so mad after all. He was just protecting his diamonds"

Wallace Nutter '55

An octopus is a person who hopes for the best.

Three shots rang out. Two of the servants fell dead, the other went through his hat.

Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while traveling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope.

"Is this the Woman's Exchange?" asked Bill.

"Of course. What did you want to see?"
"Well, if you're the woman, I guess I'll keep Faith."

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Continued from Page 44

"Yes, but who do you fellows represent?"

The little fellow spoke. "We represent a pretty big outfit, eh, Slim? We have been asked to make a deal with you."

Bob kept listening, but he began to get suspicious. Surely, he thought, these guys weren't from the University?

"We'll see that you get that college education you want if you'll start to work for us," Slim said. "Now it won't take a bit of your time; all you have to do is take orders from your new coach. Shorty here is to be your new coach. Get it? He has a new theory he wants to tell you about."

Bob's eyes narrowed, but he said nothing.

Shorty took over. "My theory is this, Bob. You're awful fast under the basket, and you always draw a lot of fouls. We've noticed that you make about a hundred percent of those shots. Also, we have doped it out that your team usually wins by the margin you give them on those shots. Now if you were to miss those foul shots, you might go far toward working your way through college even before you went to college. Get it?"

"You mean you want me to throw the rest of the games this season and you'll pay me to do it — is that it?"

"Well, Bob, we wouldn't put it that bluntly. The way we look at it is that you're taking orders from another coach. And if you're working for someone, you gotta obey orders, you know."

Bob started to walk away, but a hand pulled him back. Slim was hissing through his tobacco-stained teeth. "What's the idea walking out on us like that? If you think you can high-hat an offer like that, you're crazy. We'll give you one chance to get some sense. Either you throw next Friday's game or you'll meet with an accident that'll put you on the bench the rest of the season. It's up to you."

Continued to Page 72

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BELFAST **MAINE**

Continued from Page 71

Bob walked quickly to his car where Ann was waiting. They drove to the Ranch House where he told her the story. Then they drove home.

On their way home, a car was chasing them. Ann put her hand on Bob's arm. "Let the joker have his fun. He'll get tired in a minute." So Bob let up on the gas.

But the car in the back didn't leave. After Bob had taken Ann to her door, he jumped back into the car, drove home and turned off the motor. At that instant, his front door opened and he was pulled forcibly to the pavement. There were three of them, all of high school age. They started beating his face with their fists.

After fighting for a few minutes, they stopped and started to talk.

"Aren't you guys from Lockport? You're the team we play next Friday. Why can't you tell me what your beef is?"

The big guy hissed in his ear, "Look who's talking about playing next Friday."

"Bet I'll tell you who's paying you to do this."

"How come you know so much about us?" asked one.

"Oh, that's not hard to figure out," Bob said, "I had an offer from them tonight myself."

"What kind of an offer?"

"To throw the rest of the games this season so some tinhorn gamblers could clean up on our schedule."

They looked at each other. One of them dabbed a cut on his lip with his handkerchief.

Continued to Page 75

Continued from Page 67

Here they were, the three of them, each one wondering what the other one was going to do. Doc was still holding his camera, looking first at Buck and then at the goat. Each one dared not move lest he would scare the other.

By this time Buck, who was the nearest to a gun, realized that there was something directly above him. Scrambling to his feet he raced for his gun, picked up his binoculars and threw them at the goat.

This broke the spell. The goat moved, Doc picked up his camera to take a picture and Buck stood there swearing and cursing because he had picked up the wrong thing. They stood there debating which way they should go when a rifle shot rang out high on the cliffs above them. They both turned and looked up just in time to see the same old goat come stumbling over the cliff and land in a heap right at their feet.

Here were the three of them again, each one looking at the other. Doc jumped back to take a picture. The goat sprang to its feet, knocked Buck over and thundered around the corner of the cliff snorting as he left. Buck picked up his gun, scrambled to his feet and raced to the point where the goat had disappeared. Here he found the goat running along the other side of the cliff. He dropped to one knee, flicked off the safety and put the cross hairs of the scope squarely on the shoulder of the big animal.

The report from his 270 left a deafening roar in the still air, echoed from one ledge to another and then bounced across the valley to the mountain on the other side. The unearthly silence which followed left each man deep in thought.

Then there was a shout from the ledge above them and their three companions jumped into view. They all rushed to the place where the goat lay. It was not a trophy head but the agony which Buck had gone through that would be repaid by any head.

David Cassida '53

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67 MAIN STREET BELFAST, MAINE

Continued from Page 72

"Let's go get your pal and talk it over," Bob suggested.

He walked back to the car with his head in his hands. His buddies bent over him and talked low and fast. The boy on the curb shook his head and said nothing.

"We wouldn't have done a thing like this, but those Joes said they were alumni of the school you beat tonight and that you guys were dirty players. They said for the good of the whole League, we'd better put you out of commission. They even promised a ten spot apiece if we did a good job on you tonight."

"Well," Bob said, "Let's forget the whole thing and get on home. I need some shut eye."

"Forget it, nothing," the big boy said. "We're going back and give those birds the works if it takes us all night."

"I've got a better idea," Bob suggested. They all sat on the curb while Bob outlined his plan.

From 3:30 to 6:00 the evening of the game, Bob worked out as usual with the team but the coach saw to it that no outsiders were allowed to enter the group to see him practicing. When game time came, the gym was packed to capacity. The "B" team lost the opener to Lockport and the Varsity boys romped in for their warm-up.

As the last man in uniform dashed onto the floor, Bob appeared in the doorway with the coaches. He still carried his arm in a sling and, at the sight of him, the cheering section barked out a special yell. Bob waved to the crowd and made his way to the bench.

The game was a thriller from the opening whistle. It was almost as if the boys were saying, "You folks came expecting a little excitement and we'll see that you get your money's worth."

Continued to Page 76

It was Willard's first visit to the big town. In the window of the department store he read a sign: "Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes."

"Gosh," said Willie, "it's about time."

Ken: "Bruce, would you rather be in a collision or an explosion?"

Bruce: "A collision, of course."

Ken: "Why 'of course'?"

Bruce: "Well, in a collision there you are. But in an explosion, where are you?"

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Continued from Page 75

For the first time in his life, Bob was sweating it out on the bench. He was getting a kick out of sneaking a glance now and then at a certain couple of characters in the opposite stands. "Slim" and "Greasy," as Bob thought of them, were having a good time. With every Lockport basket, they would pound each other in high glee. With every hometown basket, they would grind their teeth and beat their fists onto their knees. It was Lockport 29 to 26 as the half ended.

When it came time for the fellows to warm up for the second half, the locker room door flew open and Bob led the procession. He was suited up and came in dribbling a ball with his so-called broken arm. He went the length of the floor and dropped a shot over the rim of the basket. You would have thought it were the shot that won the game, the way the crowd went wild. But, from the Lockport side came only strange, buzzing whisperings. They weren't quite sure what it was all about.

Bob hit his stride early in the second half. Those five boys smoothed down a system that started rolling up the points. The third quarter ended with a score of 47-32 in their favor and the last quarter brought them out ahead by 61-48.

As the gun sounded to end the game, Jim Saxley, the head cheer-leader, grabbing the loud speaker in his seat, with a few pointed instructions called attention to the main entrance; and there, coming through the door, was the strangest procession ever to enter those portals.

Mr. Wilkins, the principal, walked in with Mr. Roberts, the Lockport principal. Behind them were the Lockport fellows who had tried to give Bob the roughhouse. Behind them marched two policemen in uniform. They walked to the microphone and Mr. Wilkins spoke.

Continued to Page 78

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Continued from Page 76

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we have all been shocked lately to hear of the many scandals that have been exposed connected with college basketball, but this week, some of us were more shocked to discover a gambling crowd trying to edge into our high school conference and the two schools that played here tonight."

Bob was watching the two tinhorns in the stands; who looked at each othen, then at the exits, then at the policemen. They were trapped and they knew it.

"One of our own player's personal safety was threatened and an attempt made to injure him to keep him out of the game tonight. We are happy that the attempt failed. But tonight, in order to demonstrate to the nation as a whole that we here at Eastville and Lockport high schools have our own methods of dealing with this problem, I am now ordering the arrest of the two instigators of this insult to our communities. Officers, do your duty."

You could have heard a pin drop in that crowd. Every eye followed the officers as they walked straight up the center aisle and locked handcuffs on "Slim" and "Greasy." The three Lockport boys identified them and they marched them out of the auditorium. In a moment, the crowd went wild with applause and several fellows lifted Bob to their shoulders and carried him off the floor.

Phyllis Towers '53

An advertisement in a Pennsylvania paper attracted a great deal of notice, especially as it was headed "Mother's Day Special." It read: "Don't Kill Your Wife. Let Our Washing Machines Do The Dirty Work."

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Continued from Page

The Band

(Left to right)
Front Row: J. Knight.
Second Row: Mr. Lewis, Director; J. Lincoln, B. Johns, S. Whitehead.
Third Row: D. Cassida, W. Ames, D. Gaul, K. Drinkwater.
Fourth Row: J. Nickerson, J. Larrabee, K. Leeman, H. Gurney.
Fifth Row: T. Horne, E. Wortman, E. Clements, R. Smith.
Sixth Row: F. Drew, B. Payson, L. Higgins, J. Roberts.
Seventh Row: V. Fowles, R. Parker, R. Kelley, A. Nixon, R. Faulkingham.
Eighth Row: H. Hahn, B. Clark, D. Huntington, E. Hardy.
Ninth Row: B. Dutch, C. Hammons, R. Sampson, G. Morin.

The Glee Club

(Left to right)
Front Row: (Pianist) R. Stephenson, H. English, A. Harriman, P. Cummings, S. Wing, P. Knowlton, C. York, J. Grindle, C. Paul, B. McAvey, M. Roberts, J. Roberts, R. Clements, O. Murphy, S. Bonin, C. Higgins, (Advisor) Mr. Lewis.
Second Row: M. Anderson, F. Page, M. Grady, J. Larrabee, J. Payson, J. Potter, H. Sampson, S. Wadlin, D. Warman, G. Lemont, J. Cross, P. Johnson, J. Flowers, S. Braley.
Third Row: E. Wood, G. Hanson, H. Foster, M. Jackson, S. Dumont, P. Berry, J. Bower, B. Young, S. Sherman, M. Libby, V. Munson, V. LaFond, J. Gould, N. Vaughan, D. Mooers, S. Hayward.
Fourth Row: A. Nixon, J. Nixon, V. Curtis, C. King, R. Stephenson, B. Gum, S. Merriam, M. Lawler, J. Lincoln, J. Seekins, L. Whitcomb, K. Thompson, W. Walker, J. Hart, P. Perry, G. Jones, A. Robertson, B. Patterson.
Fifth Row: R. Knight, M. Littlefield, M. Suddy, B. Johns, R. Alley, M. Gray, A. Nickerson, V. Merrill, J. Fitzgerald, N. Bradbury, J. Woodbury, S. Whitehead, V. Fowles, D. Gaul, G. Morin, T. Stephenson, F. Trenholm.
Sixth Row: A. Page, J. Nelson, M. Robertson, J. Sylvia, R. Wood, P. Jenness, M. Richards, N. Marriner, M. Harriman, B. Ward, J. Weymouth, S. Dean, R. Patten, G. Dutton, E. Wing, E. Wright, J. Knight, L. Jenness.
Seventh Row: R. Kelley, E. Rogers, B. Sprague, D. Snow, D. Cassida, F. Whitney, J. Gammons, L. Oliver, B. Dutch, D. Hahn, E. Hardy, K. Leeman, A. Hamm, R. Smith, B. Gaul, G. McCue, G. Prior, B. Glidden.

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Continued from Page 24

The Orchestra

(Left to right)
First Row: S. Thorpe, E. Woods, M. Grady, J. Nixon, A. Nixon, L. Higgins, F. Drew, B. Payson, E. Wortman, E. Clements, R. Smith.
Second Row: C. Davis, M. Clark, F. Trenholm, S. Vose, B. West, S. Winters, J. Potter, K. Leeman, J. Larrabee, T. Horne, D. Cassida, J. Nickerson, G. Morin, R. Sampson, C. Hammons, B. Dutch, E. Hardy, B. Clark, H. Hahn, D. Huntington.
Third Row: H. Gurney, D. Gaul, W. Ames, R. Parker, R. Faulkingham, R. Kelley, V. Fowles, K. Drinkwater, Donald E. Lewis, Director.

Continued from Page 6

In order for this nation to continue its growth and to maintain its standing, the people must awake and turn their hearts to God for help. They must be God-loving and worshipping. Each and every one must come forth and take this challenge upon himself. Can we meet this challenge?

By Ralph Stephenson

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Continued from Page 36

The score of these games was 53-52 away and 51-50 at home. Both of these games were won by the Lakers in the last minute of play. Other close games were Bucksport 57-52, St. Francis 53-48 and Orono 60-54.

Hampden and Mt. Desert, being the last two games of the season, were canceled in order that we might participate in the Kennebec Valley Tournament which was held at Waterville High School. Crosby clashed with Oakland in this meet and bowed to them 55-51.

Some of our outstanding players who won't be with the team next year are John Brown, Ed Hardy, John Carr, Gordon McCue, and Ronald Nickerson. Yet, the spirited underclassmen will step forward to keep the Lions roaring and will bear watching next season.

The high scorer of the year was Mark Kapiloff with a total of 153 points in sixteen games. A great amount of credit is due Coach Soucy for his tireless effort and time spent with the team.

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